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THE VIOLET:

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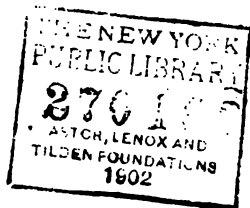
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

GIFT

FOR 1842.

THE EIGHT ELEGANT ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.
1842.



[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year
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P R E F A C E .

THE VIOLET for the year 1842 has been prepared with the intention of uniting useful moral instruction with rational entertainment. The taste of young people for narratives and simple descriptive poetry seems to have established the style and general character of annuals designed particularly for them ; and the delight, which they take in well executed pictures, renders them indispensable in a work of this class. It is believed that, in all respects, the Violet now offered will be found to come up to the standard already established by public opinion.

The embellishments, it will be perceived, are by first rate artists, and the subjects to which they relate are believed to be such as have a peculiar charm

for the young, whose favourite sports and pursuits they so beautifully illustrate.

To all GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS the editor cordially wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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ISMENA:

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ANCIENT GREECE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RIVAL CRUSOES."

THE setting sun sunk gloomily behind the wood-crowned heights of Ira, gilding with a wild and fitful splendour the towers and ramparts of that last stronghold of freedom in Messenia, which its heroic chief, Aristomenes, had so long and gallantly maintained against the superior numbers and approved military experience of Sparta, from whose galling yoke he had been the means of delivering his country, though the changeful fortunes of war had exposed him and his brave followers to those severe reverses which, after the many valiant exploits he had achieved, appeared to render the issue of the glorious struggle for independence not merely doubtful, but desperate.

Rhodope and her young daughter, *Ismena*, the

widow and orphan of a valiant Messenian soldier, who had fallen in the cause of his country, contemplated this spot in the distance from the door of their lonely cottage, with feelings that became the wife and child of a patriot hero, while they lifted up their voices in prayer, for the brave assertors of the liberty of their native land.

The interval between the departing beams of day and the approach of darkness, is not, as in our northern hemisphere, softened, by imperceptible gradations, into the mellow shades of twilight; but of such short duration, that the last rosy reflection of the sun's disappearing disk, has scarcely faded from the tops of the hills, ere the impending veil of night involves the landscape in obscurity. The Messenian widow and her daughter had not tarried for this moment: they had marked, with some uneasiness, the hurried and portentous aspect of the clouds that over-hung Mount Ira; and the heavy drops of rain that began to patter through the embowering vine-leaves, that entwined the rude pillars, and over-arched the porch of their humble dwelling, drove them within the interior of the *cottage for shelter.*

Ismena trimmed their red earthen lamp, lighted and placed it on the rough-hewn tripod that served them for a table, and, with her mother, commenced the task of carding and spinning the fleeces of their newly-shorn ewes, in which the whole riches of the gentle pair consisted.

While thus engaged, the careful mother observed that Ismena was absent and abstracted ; that the distaff lingered in her usually active hands, and her youthful brow wore the impress of deep and troubled thought.

“ Has my daughter any cause of uneasiness which she conceals from her mother ? ” demanded Rhodope, after having watched the maiden’s countenance long and anxiously.

“ None, my mother, none ! ” replied Ismena, flinging herself upon the neck of her tender parent.

“ Why, then, this silence and abstraction, my child ? ”

“ Mother, I was pondering on my last night’s dream,” replied Ismena, looking earnestly in her mother’s face.

“ The dreams of damsels who have scarcely seen *their fourteenth summer*, may truly be expected to

contain something perfectly oracular!" rejoined Rhodope, with a smile.

"Nay, nay, my mother," replied Ismena, blushing: "it was because I foresaw you would treat it as a jest, that I told you not the dream on my first awaking; and, indeed, in the fresh and joyous morning, I regarded the matter more lightly than I can persuade myself to do now. Bear with my weakness," continued the maiden, drawing her stool closer to her mother's knee; "and I will declare it to you: and perhaps your wisdom may afford an interpretation that may satisfy me on the subject."

"You are aware, my child, that I attach little importance to dreams," replied Rhodope: "nevertheless, I am willing to listen to your's, if it will afford you any satisfaction."

"Know, then, my mother," said Ismena, casting a timorous glance round the apartment, "I saw, in my dream, last night, a wild and stormy sky, such as we observed at sunset, and heard, between the angry mutterings of distant thunder and the heavy pattering of the rain, the dismal howling of a pack of wolves that surrounded the cottage, and at length *forced an entrance*, dragging with them a fette

lion, of the most majestic appearance—only they had deprived him of ~~his~~ claws, and were gnashing upon him with their teeth, and appeared upon the point of tearing him to pieces. Methought, too, my mother, these felon wolves regarded us with ferocious glances; but, though we were thus involved in the lion's peril, I could not think of *our* danger for very pity of the noble beast's distress: and, somehow or other, I was enabled to charm the murderous rage of the wolves, so that they became suddenly quiescent, while I cut the lion's bonds, and furnished him with fresh claws, on which he courageously attacked his base enemies, the wolves, and tore them all to pieces: and with the noise of their growling I awoke, breathless with terror, and much disturbed in spirit, to know what this strange vision might portend."

"If," said the matron, thoughtfully, "your dream proceeded merely from the idle wandering of the ever-active, but mis-directed, powers of fancy during the hours of slumber, then will nothing eventful follow; but, if it were indeed a revelation from the Gods, you will find that it was not sent in vain: *may they grant that it bode no evil to the lion of*

Messenia, our glorious Aristomenes, who hath already been too often the sport of capricious fortune!"

"Mother," said Ismena, "I blush to acknowledge that I am unacquainted with the early history of the man whom you have so often charged me to pray for, and to reverence as the defender of the liberties of my native land."

"I ought not to be surprised at that, Ismena," replied her mother, "when I remember that you were an infant at the breast when those things took place which led to the long and desperate struggle for the national independence of Messenia, and were too young to notice those momentous events which filled the hearts of your parents, and all around you, with feelings of the most painful interest; and the death of your brave father, who fell covered with wounds while defending the person of his heroic leader, from the swords of a party of Spartan soldiers, by which he was surrounded, happened during that thoughtless period of early childhood, when, unconscious of your own bereavement and your mother's grief, you smiled upon my tears, played with my hair, and clapped your little hands."

ingly, when the flames arose from the funeral pile on which the lifeless forms of your parent and his brave companions in arms, who had fallen with him, were consumed."

"Alas! alas! my mother, how must my infant glee, at such a moment, have increased your sorrow!" said Ismena.

"You knew not what you did, my child; and it was your innocent caresses that reconciled me to life, and enabled me to support the succeeding years of melancholy bereavement and poverty," said Rhodope, embracing the weeping girl. "Come, dry your tears, Ismena; and I will relate to you the history of this long and bloody war with Sparta, in which is involved an adventure of the valiant Aristomenes, of so remarkable a nature that it rather resembles one of the songs of Homer, than a real occurrence, which happened within my memory.

"Our country, which had for many years successfully maintained its independence, as a nation among the rival states of Greece, was at length so much harassed by the constant assaults of the jealous Spartans, that both nations, by mutual consent, consulted the oracle of Delphi, as to what course should

be pursued in order to restore peace, and received for answer, that whoever should first dedicate one hundred tripods in the Temple of Jupiter, at Ithome, one of our strong-holds, should be master of the country. Our countrymen, being too much impoverished to cast them of brass, began to carve these votive tripods out of wood; but, though this was a tolerable subterfuge, they were outwitted by the superior ingenuity of a Spartan, who, having got into the city by stratagem, dedicated one hundred little tripods of clay in the temple, before our artificers had half executed their task: and our countrymen were so completely paralyzed at the success of this scheme that they submitted to the Spartan yoke, without a struggle.

“The melancholy effects of their superstitious weakness were too soon experienced by our unhappy countrymen, who were treated in all respects as slaves, by their new masters, and underwent every species of insult and barbarity, till Aristomenes, a man less distinguished by his noble birth, though a descendant of our ancient line of kings, than for his worth and valour, incited his fellow-artisans to *revolt, having* privately engaged the Argive

the Arcadians to assist the Messenians against Sparta; but, before the promised succour could arrive, the Spartans attacked his newly raised bands of inexperienced and ill-armed peasants, at a village called *Veræ*, where victory crowned the generous champions of freedom; and so greatly did Aristomenes distinguish himself, both by his skill and personal valour, that his grateful country, with one voice, saluted him — King. But this title he magnanimously declined, lest his exaltation should create jealousy among his companions in arms; and, as no motives of private interest sullied the brightness of his character, he assured those who pressed him to accept a crown, that ‘he served his country for her own sake, and preferred remaining her General to accepting of any dignity she might be willing to confer.’

“Under his auspices the dying spirit of Messenia revived, the days of our ancient glory were restored, and the eyes of all Greece were upon the struggle for freedom, which was so undauntedly maintained, sometimes in the brightest smiles of victory, and, but too often, under reverses that might have quelled the courage of a mightier nation. But Aristomenes

was the leader of the Messenians, and his resolve to purchase liberty for his native land was unconquerable. When the treachery of his feeble-minded allies, seconding too well the martial skill and overpowering numbers of Sparta, had frustrated his most promising designs, and his once formidable army was reduced to three hundred men, and every town in Messenia was in the hands of the foe, he did not then despair, but, refusing to accept the advantageous terms that were offered him on condition of laying down his arms, he fortified Mount Ira, which he held out for years against the combined force of Sparta. From this place he occasionally issued forth with a party of his valiant followers, and pilaged the Laconian frontiers: by which means he procured food for the garrison that continued to defend Ira in his absence. At length, becoming bolder, he surprised and took the city Amzelæ, in which he found a rich booty, not only of provisions, but of silver and gold and other precious things. Unfortunately, the cupidity of his little army induced them to load themselves so heavily with these fat spoils, that, before they could reach Ira, they were taken by the whole of the Lacedæmonian a--

under the two kings of Sparta; and, though Aristomenes performed prodigies of valour, he, after having had the mortification of seeing the greater part of his brave followers slain, fell covered with wounds; and, while in a state of insensibility, was carried off the field of battle by his victorious enemies, with about fifty of the Messenians, who survived the slaughter, to experience a more dreadful fate: for no sooner was the valiant Aristomenes in some measure recovered from his wounds, than the ungenerous Spartans basely decreed that he, with the rest of his captive countrymen, should be cast into a deep and loathsome cavern, which was the common punishment of those who had been guilty of the most infamous crimes.

“This cruel sentence was executed with the utmost severity; and the only indulgence that was allowed Aristomenes, was leave to put on his armour. The unfortunate hero remained for three days in this dismal place without food, surrounded by the dead and dying, and almost suffocated with the noxious effluvia from so many putrefying bodies; when, on the third day, just as he had sunk *in a state of exhaustion on the lifeless bosom of one*

of his last surviving companions in calamity, and enveloping his head in his mantle, was preparing to die, he heard some animal gnawing near him: and, uncovering his face, he perceived a fox just by him: and with that presence of mind which never deserts persons of superior minds even in the worst extremities, he seized one of its hind legs, and with his other hand defended his face, by catching hold of its jaw when it attempted to bite him. The fox then made desperate attempts to escape; and Aristomenes, being assured that there must be some aperture by which the animal obtained ingress to this doleful abyss of misery, followed, as well as he could, his reluctant guide, till, at length, he thrust his head into a small hole in the side of the cave. Aristomenes then let go his hold, and the fox presently forced his way through the aperture, and opened a passage to the welcome rays of light, from which our heroic chief had been so long bebarred.

“Bodily exhaustion, loss of blood, sorrow and hunger, were alike forgotten at that blessed sight; and Aristomenes hastened to enlarge the outlet with his nails, till he had worked a sufficient opening to *allow his wasted form to pass through*: and, travel-

ling all night with all the expedition that his newly recovered energies allowed him to exert, he arrived at Ira by break of day, to the great joy and amazement of his surviving countrymen, who had mourned over his supposed death with a grief to which no words could do justice. The Spartans, who knew they had every reason to reckon Aristomenes among the dead, treated the report of his being again in Ira with contempt, till he sufficiently proved his identity, by falling upon the posts of the Corinthians, who, as allies of Sparta, were assisting at the siege of Ira ; and, having slain all their officers, and a considerable number of their men, he pillaged and burnt their camp ; and, on the Spartans themselves, so deeply avenged the treatment he had recently received at their hands, that they were fain to sue for a forty days' truce, that they might have time to bury their dead."

Ismena, who had listened with breathless interest to her mother's narrative, now broke in upon her with a sort of stifled cry, exclaiming, "May the Gods protect us ! I hear the steps of armed men approaching the cottage."

“It is only the rush of the blast, and the distant roar of the thunder,” said Rhodope, taking up the lamp, and approaching the door, as if with the intention of convincing her timorous child that their solitude was not likely to be broken in upon; but ~~the~~ next minute the frail portal was assailed by so heavy a blow from the butt-end of a lance, that its insecure fastening gave way, and allowed free entrance to a company of Spartan archers, who rudely impelled forward a captive Messenian of majestic port and sad, but intrepid, countenance, whose hands were bound behind him with leathern thongs.

“The lion, the captive lion of my dream!” exclaimed Ismena, losing all terrors for herself in the absorbing interest which the noble prisoner excited in her young generous heart.

“It is the valiant Aristomenes, my child!” murmured her mother in a low guarded tone, impatiently pressing her arm to enjoin caution. Then stepping before her young and blooming daughter, as if to shield her from the bold glances of the rude soldiery, she demanded what was their business at that unseasonable hour, at the house of a lone widow.

"We require food and shelter from the storm, mother," replied the leader of the party; "and, unless you bring forth all that your house contains peaceably, we will take it by force."

"The household Gods judge between ye and me," replied the widow, pointing to the images of the Lares and Penates, that were placed near the hearth, according to the custom of these times: "I am in no condition to resist your robberies. Ismena, produce our little store of bread, of honey, cheese, and mead."

The alacrity with which Ismena obeyed her mother, appeared to have a great effect in restoring their unwelcome visitors, who had taken some umbrage at her mother's words, to good humour; and, when she proceeded to broach a skin of excellent mead, with which, and other ingredients, she prepared for them a drink of potent strength and sweetness, they bestowed upon her the highest commendations, compared her to Hebe, and protested that she was worthy of the honour of becoming the wife of a Spartan.

Ismena listened to these compliments with ap-

parent satisfaction, and continued to ply them with the highly praised beverage, regardless alike of her mother's looks of wonder, and the awful glances of reproof with which the stern and silent Aristomenes watched her proceedings. She had, however, infused the narcotic resin of poppies into the drink, of which the Spartans swallowed such deep draughts, that, soon overpowered by its oblivious influence, they successively sunk into an inebriate slumber, till all were in a state of stupefaction. Ismena then softly arose from her seat; and, drawing a poignard from the belt of their leader, she cut the thongs that confined the wrists of the noble Aristomenes, and, placing it in his hands, she whispered, "Lo! I have severed the bonds of the captive lion, and furnished him with claws, and it now rests with him to destroy the wolves, according to my dream."

The unconquered spirit of the mighty Messenian was aroused by this unhopèd-for prospect of deliverance. "I never slew a sleeping foe before," he exclaimed: "but the fate of my country is bound up in mine; and these men treacherously made me their prisoner, in defiance of the sacred obligation of

a truce: therefore have I the less scruple in destroying them."

The next minute the seven Spartans laid helpless in their blood.

"Maiden," said Aristomenes, turning to the pale and trembling Ismena, who, though her patriotism and generous sympathy for the unfortunate had impelled her to perform the part of a heroine for the deliverance of the defender of her country, had now, since the perilous adventure was achieved, forgotten every thing but woman's softness and compassion, and, shuddering at the sight of blood, was weeping on her mother's bosom;—"Preserver of Aristomenes and of Messenia, name thy reward for what thou hast done."

"The love of my country, the gratitude of Aristomenes, and the remembrance of posterity," replied Ismena, with a kindling eye and flushing cheek.

"Thou shalt have them all," returned the mighty Messenian; "and more," continued he, taking her by the hand, and regarding her sweet and modest countenance with a paternal smile: "for thou shalt go with me and thy mother to Ira, where thou shalt

wed my eldest son Gorgus; for thou art worthy to become the wife and the daughter of heroes."

Those of my young readers who are familiar with the pages of Grecian history are aware, that, wonderful and romantic as are the incidents of my tale, they are strictly compatible with truth; and those who are not, will do well to read the life of Aristomenes, the brave deliverer of Messenia, which I promise them they will find more truly interesting than any tale of fiction I ever yet perused.

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W. P. FAIRBANKS'S ENGRAVING.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

HYMN IN HARVEST TIME.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

'NEATH summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye
Comes on the joyous reaper train —
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead hearth and forest tree —
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense of the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare —

We feel its balm — we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love —
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home —
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade —
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away —
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around !
No song is sung, no voice is heard
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stirr'd —
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,

Chirps gay, but all is hush beside —
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide —
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

Philadelphia.

THE TURKISH ORPHAN:

A TRUE STORY.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

DURING the struggle for the independence of Greece, I happened to visit its capital city, Tripolizza, that had been taken by assault a few months previous. The greater part of the population was put to the sword, for the conquerors did not spare. The dwellings of the Turkish nobles were ravaged; and the blood, even of ladies and children, was shed in their very chambers. There was a palace at the extremity of the town, whose apartments were richly gilded, and its windows looked over the plain beyond, and the lofty chain of mountains. In this luxurious home had lived a Turkish nobleman, greatly esteemed by the people; for he was generous, and kind to the poor. He was slain, with all his family, save one beautiful boy, of about seven years of age. I *sometimes entered this desolate home, and saw Gre-*

cian soldiers there, gaming, drinking, and seated on the rich floors. And there was also seen, at times, the orphan child, wandering amidst the rooms where he had been reared in luxury, where he had known a mother's tenderness, and where the blood of father, mother, brother, and sister, had been poured forth like water. Two of the former servants of the family always attended him, and watched over his safety ; but there was no danger — even the ferocious soldiery looked on him in pity, and spoke kindly to him. There was in the boy's aspect an expression of fortitude and patient suffering, that was enough to touch the hardest heart: if he had wept and mourned, the stranger would not have felt half the interest in his favour. But there he stood, or sat, silently, his slender form clothed in a light pink robe and tunic of silk, and a white turban on his brow, gazing sadly around, or lost in his own reflections. His complexion was very fair; but his beautiful eye was perfectly dark, as was also his hair. His father had been general of the garrison, and was a man of high rank, as well as wealth ; and the spirit of a soldier seemed to be in the boy's look, as he surveyed the weapons ranged against the walls, or handled the

silver-hilted daggers that lay on the floor. Many of them were his father's arms, that he remembered well. But when he entered the harem, or ladies' chamber, where he had been nursed, it was almost more than he could bear; for the windows of richly stained glass, the words from the Koran, in letters of gold, with which the walls were covered, the fountain, and the garden beyond — all these things were familiar to him from infancy: thither the women fled when the Greeks entered. It might be said, in the words of Scripture, "Death entered into all their pleasant chambers, suddenly." The orphan had no friend left on earth: he told me, that, could he get to the sea shore, and embark, there were relatives at Constantinople, who would show him kindness.

Could any thing be more desolate than his situation? but "God will surely not forsake the fatherless," and in Him the Turkish boy, young as he was, put his trust. We need not observe that the Mahometan religion, in which he had been brought up, is one of error: the poor child knew little of its delusions; but he knew that in Alla, or God, there was mercy and power, to protect the helpless; and he *resolved to be faithful*. The Greeks, who greatly ad-

mired him, tried every method, both of persuasion and menace, to induce him to abandon his faith and embrace their own. It is true, the Greek religion has more of Christianity, but it is also full of superstitions, even more dark and weak than the Roman Catholic: besides, it was the religion of the murderers of his family; how could it appear to the noble Selim to be one of love and peace? There never was more heroism and fidelity displayed in one so young. "No," he replied, "I will never forsake the faith of my dear mother: her hope was in Alla; when she was dying, I heard her call upon His name, and consign me to His care; and has He not kept me, and shall I desert him for a new religion?" They offered him rewards and patronage, and that he should be taken from his present destitute state — he was immoveable: they threatened him with death — he told them calmly he did not fear to die: and then they ceased to trouble him. Poor child! What hopelessness was before him! Who was there to counsel, or to aid, or guide him? to take the thorns from his way, and scatter a few roses there? No one, even of the savage conquerors, took him for a servant or a slave; they saw that his heart could not

bear it, and would break in the trial; but they let him wander about the town with his two faithful attendants. A few of the wealthier Greeks gladly gave him food, and invited him, at times, to make their homes his own. To my home, which was a dwelling that I had hired, he often came; but no entreaty could induce him to sit down at table with me; whether it was pride, or a deep sense of his altered circumstances: but he would stand with his arms folded on his breast, and his look bent on the ground, and wait till I had finished eating, and then he would sit down alone to his repast. His expressions of gratitude were warm and heart-felt; and, though he never was seen to weep by the Greeks, yet when he spoke to me of the dreadful doom of his family, he often shed a flood of tears. He told me with what indulgence his mother had always treated him — the rich dresses, the beautiful dagger that he wore, and the milk white poney that he used to ride into the plain, and even to the foot of the mountains. Often she sat at her window, watching his return; for he was her youngest child, and she loved him the most. Poor Selim! those days were never more to come. *More than a week* he lived beneath my roof; for, as

the Turkish army drew near the town, in order to besiege it, the Greeks became exasperated, and it was not safe to allow him to go abroad. At this time, he would sit for hours during the day in the corridor, that looked into the garden, and to the plain beyond : he longed, it was evident, to escape, from the town. More than once I endeavoured to effect his passage to the sea-shore, a journey of three days ; but the danger was too great, for the Greek officers refused to allow him to depart : so that the fond hope of once more finding friends, beyond the sea, was closed. At last, I succeeded in placing Selim under the care of an aged Greek, a humane man, but who dearly loved money : the small sum given with the orphan was an additional claim on his kindness.

During several months he lived in the family of the Greek : as time wore on, his sorrows seemed to press less heavily on his mind ; but he never joined in the sports or amusements of the Greek children. Perhaps it was because they often took occasion to abuse his country and his people—a Turk was a bye-word in their mouths : his little hands were clenched, and his eye flashed, as he felt the iron enter his soul. Oh, how miserable is captivity at

We feel its balm — we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,
Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
As if its very life were love —
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home —
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade —
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away —
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around !
No song is sung, no voice is heard
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stirr'd —
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,

Chirps gay, but all is hush beside —
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide —
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

Philadelphia.

THE TURKISH ORPHAN:

A TRUE STORY.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

DURING the struggle for the independence of Greece, I happened to visit its capital city, Tripolizza, that had been taken by assault a few months previous. The greater part of the population was put to the sword, for the conquerors did not spare. The dwellings of the Turkish nobles were ravaged; and the blood, even of ladies and children, was shed in their very chambers. There was a palace at the extremity of the town, whose apartments were richly gilded, and its windows looked over the plain beyond, and the lofty chain of mountains. In this luxurious home had lived a Turkish nobleman, greatly esteemed by the people; for he was generous, and kind to the poor. He was slain, with all his family, save one beautiful boy, of about seven years of age. I *sometimes entered this desolate home, and saw Gre-*

cian soldiers there, gaming, drinking, and seated on the rich floors. And there was also seen, at times, the orphan child, wandering amidst the rooms where he had been reared in luxury, where he had known a mother's tenderness, and where the blood of father, mother, brother, and sister, had been poured forth like water. Two of the former servants of the family always attended him, and watched over his safety ; but there was no danger — even the ferocious soldiery looked on him in pity, and spoke kindly to him. There was in the boy's aspect an expression of fortitude and patient suffering, that was enough to touch the hardest heart: if he had wept and mourned, the stranger would not have felt half the interest in his favour. But there he stood, or sat, silently, his slender form clothed in a light pink robe and tunic of silk, and a white turban on his brow, gazing sadly around, or lost in his own reflections. His complexion was very fair; but his beautiful eye was perfectly dark, as was also his hair. His father had been general of the garrison, and was a man of high rank, as well as wealth; and the spirit of a soldier seemed to be in the boy's look, as he surveyed *the weapons* ranged against the walls, or handled the

silver-hilted daggers that lay on the floor. Many of them were his father's arms, that he remembered well. But when he entered the harem, or ladies' chamber, where he had been nursed, it was almost more than he could bear; for the windows of richly stained glass, the words from the Koran, in letters of gold, with which the walls were covered, the fountain, and the garden beyond — all these things were familiar to him from infancy: thither the women fled when the Greeks entered. It might be said, in the words of Scripture, "Death entered into all their pleasant chambers, suddenly." The orphan had no friend left on earth: he told me, that, could he get to the sea shore, and embark, there were relatives at Constantinople, who would show him kindness.

Could any thing be more desolate than his situation? but "God will surely not forsake the fatherless," and in Him the Turkish boy, young as he was, put his trust. We need not observe that the Mahometan religion, in which he had been brought up, is one of error: the poor child knew little of its delusions; but he knew that in Alla, or God, there was mercy and power, to protect the helpless; and he *solved to be faithful*. The Greeks, who gr-

mired him, tried every method, both of persuasion and menace, to induce him to abandon his faith and embrace their own. It is true, the Greek religion has more of Christianity, but it is also full of superstitions, even more dark and weak than the Roman Catholic: besides, it was the religion of the murderers of his family; how could it appear to the noble Selim to be one of love and peace? There never was more heroism and fidelity displayed in one so young. "No," he replied, "I will never forsake the faith of my dear mother: her hope was in Alla; when she was dying, I heard her call upon His name, and consign me to His care; and has He not kept me, and shall I desert him for a new religion?" They offered him rewards and patronage, and that he should be taken from his present destitute state — he was immoveable: they threatened him with death — he told them calmly he did not fear to die: and then they ceased to trouble him. Poor child! What hopelessness was before him! Who was there to counsel, or to aid, or guide him? to take the thorns from his way, and scatter a few roses there? No one, even of the savage conquerors, took him for a servant or a slave; they saw that his heart could not

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every age ! We know not what it is to depend on the kindness, and hang on the smiles, of the stranger ! never more to see the faces of parent or friend, or hear the sound of their voices. Can we be thankful enough to God, while they are spared to us — can we value too highly their care and love ?

Sometimes his companions tempted Selim to go with them to their places of worship ; but he would not, and preferred to wander forth alone, without the walls, where no eye was upon him. And here there was a ghastly scene, which he could not always avoid : it was a narrow glen or dale, very near the walls, to which the cruel Greeks took numbers of the inhabitants, and put them to death. Their bones were still scattered all around, for no burial had been given to the slain ; and the boy's feelings were harrowed when he looked on them. About five hundred of the unfortunate Turks were yet suffered to live within the town ; not in wealth, or comfort, or luxury, as many of them once had done, but in secret poverty and misery. To visit these people was the sweetest business of Selim's life. When the gloom of evening came on, he would steal *through the streets* ~~to~~ *to* their poor homes, up a narrow

or broken flight of steps, or through dark avenues, that led to desolate abodes. My foot also had been familiar with these places; for I admired the constancy with which these Turks suffered, and strove to lighten their poverty. But the coming of the orphan child of their Prince and General, the man they had so loved and esteemed, was welcomed by these people with tears and blessings; they gathered round him, and kissed the hem of his robe, and his hands and feet. This was rich consolation: his spirit was lifted above his fallen condition, for they spoke in rapture of those he had lost; and then they spoke of brighter days to come, and the proud hopes he ought to cherish.

At last an opportunity came for his escape. A small party of European officers, who had come to Greece to fight for its liberty, was to set out in a few days for the coast with some Greek soldiers. Selim was disguised, in the European dress, as one of their servants; for they felt an interest in his fate: and, provided he could bear the fatigue of the way, there was every prospect of success. The hope of liberty, of being once more among his own people, and treated according to his rank, was in-

expressibly sweet: — the old Greek, who had sheltered him so long, would fain have persuaded him to remain.

The day had scarcely broke when the party left the town on foot, and proceeded rapidly over the plain, of several leagues in extent. The heat was very great, for it was now the middle of July: the party could pause but little, on account of the dangers of the way; parties of Turkish soldiers scoured the country on every side, and, should they fall in with them, they could expect no mercy. The night was far advanced ere they halted, beside a well, sunk deep in the earth, close to the path. These wells are frequent in Greece, as well as in the East, for the solace and refreshment of the way-faring man, when no habitation is near, and he is ready to faint by the way. In Greece, as in Palestine, there are few rivers or streams: by digging a few feet deep in the earth, a fountain of water, always deliciously cold and fresh, is thus opened: a stone covering, or arch, is placed over the mouth. Was it not thus in the times of old, when Jacob journeyed into the land of Laban, and the stone ~~was~~ *rolled from the mouths of wells of a similar kir*

when the shepherds and their flocks gathered round to drink ? After resting a few hours here, the party pursued their march ; but, ere noon of the second day, Selim's strength began to fail : his steps faltered, and he was unable to keep up with the pace of his companions, who resolved to halt awhile beneath some trees, and wait till the noon was past. It was a welcome relief : he drank some wine from the flask of one of his companions ; and they said that, by to-morrow's eve, they should be on the sea-shore : so that, when the heat was somewhat abated, he was able to set out again. Soon after sun-set they entered a forest, on the mountain side : there was no longer any immediate danger of falling in with the enemy ; but they could hear, at intervals, their cries and shouts from the plain beneath. Late at night they came to a cottage in the wood, inhabited by a Greek family, where they procured some refreshment. As the people were civil and attentive, and seemed to look with pity on the child, the Greek soldiers of the party said it was better to leave him behind, as a further delay might cause the ruin of them all. Even the European officers seemed to be of the same opinion ; but, as Selim

THE VIOLET.

ired he would proceed till he sunk by the way,
y refused to desert him. He begged to be allowed
little slumber, and lay down on the bed of the cot-
agers, and sought to close his eyes in sleep; but
his delicate frame was overwrought. The burning
heats of the way, and the great rapidity of the march,
had fevered his blood; but the thought of liberty,
now so near, and of soon being in the loved land of
his people, nerved his spirit to the last. The women
of the family asked him of his home and his parents:
he said that he had no home, that he was born to be
a prince, and his native roof was a palace; but God
had taken all from him, and made him desolate.
They smiled at his words, and bade him try to sleep,
that he might get strength for the march. At mid-
night it was resolved to proceed, for this was the
last halt they intended to make; and the third
morning broke as they descended the lofty hills, and
saw, afar off, the bay of Calamatta, and many
vessel anchored on its bosom. A cry of joy w
raised by the band, and Selim looked to heaven v
a beaming eye, and repeated the words which, dr
the journey, were often on his lips, "that the
of his mother watched over him."

They gained the foot of the hills, and were just advancing on the rich vale that stretches to the sea, when a small troop of Turkish cavalry, that had watched their descent, suddenly issued from a wood at a short distance: a few Greeks, who had joined the party on the march, instantly fled up the declivities, where they were safe; but the Europeans stood their ground, and fought bravely. After a short and desperate action, the few yielded to the many: the Turks dismounted to strip the wounded and slain; and, to their great surprise, recognised a boy of their own people, bleeding to death from the wound of a pistol-ball; and, when he told them, in a faint voice, the name of his father, they raised him from the ground with the deepest pity and regard: — there were those among them who had served the noble Aga, before the storming of Tripolizza; and the fierce soldiery cursed the deed they had done. They would have lifted him on one of the horses, to bear him gently to the shore; but the orphan boy felt that the angel of death was at hand: — from the few words he spoke, and from his gestures, it seemed he was glad that it should be so, that his path of suffering was near its close. In his

little life, of seven years, he had known more sorrow and anguish, more loneliness and horror, than generally falls to the lot of man. He said he was going to join his beloved parents, and he smiled faintly as he said it; and his beautiful dark eyes flashed brighter as life ebbed away. The Turkish officer stooped and kissed his brow and his cheek, and wept over him; and Selim feebly lifted his clasped hands, and blessed God that he died among his own people, and not among the murderers of those he loved. He paused a little, and then he said that he had never, even in his extremity, forsaken Alla, in whom his mother taught him to trust, and whose mercy had been with him. He pointed eagerly to the shore: — they understood the sign, and raised him in their arms; and he gazed intensely on the sea and the ships, some of which were now spreading their sails to the wind: — “Oh, I had hoped,” he muttered, but the words died away; and he fell back, with a deep sigh, in the arms of the soldiery. When evening came, they covered the corpse with flowers, and wrapped it in a white shroud; and they said it should never rest on the Grecian shore. It was borne to the town of Calamatta, and enclosed in

rich coffin. A vessel, bound to Constantinople, carried the remains of the orphan to the relations of his father. As the vessel bore out to sea, the Turkish soldiers stood on the shore, and beat their breasts, and rent their garments, and lifted up their voices, and wept.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SON.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

THE morning is beaming ;
Its first light is streaming
On the crests of the clouds ; — with its beauty they
glow ;

And soon it will brighten ,
Those dark cliffs, and lighten
The foam of the ocean-waves breaking below.

On the beach met together,
For fair or foul weather,
The old Fisherman sits with his Son by his side ;
Their dog seems exploring
The deep wildly roaring,
While they patiently wait for the flow of the tide.

When it comes they will get up,
Their sail they will set up,

And o'er the wide sea steer their shallop away ,
 There follow their calling,
 Of fishing, or trawling,
In peril and hardship the rest of the day.

 Yet think not these only,
 Their lot, although lonely
Their life may appear on that bleak ocean shore ;
 Much have they to cheer it,
 And much to endear it,
And what we might shrink from endears it the more.

 Use easy has made it,
 And habit arrayed it
In colours which soften privation and pain ;
 Its toils and its dangers,
 To these fearless rangers,
Are trifles of which they would scorn to complain.


 Yet, somehow or other,
 Each tar seems a brother
To a warm English heart; and, as these meet my
 view,
 With all my good wishing,
 For them and their fishing,
I wish they were safe back again — do not you ?

AN INFANT'S DIRGE.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

SLEEP — behold thy couch is spread,
Early dweller with the dead !
Where the moss is bright of hue,
And the speedwell glistens blue,
And the daisy, trembling near,
Bows beneath its dewy tear.
Rest thou, softly — toil and care ;
Sorrow's tempest, — evil's snare ;
Anguish, inly pining still ;
Sin, which stains the holiest will ;
And the darkening thoughts which wait,
Shade like, on our brightest state,
Mighty as their force may be,
Ill are armed to trouble thee.

We had hoped, when years should darken,
To thy voice of love to hearken,



As to sounds of promise given,
Telling of that wished for heaven ;
But a wiser voice hath spoken,
And the spell of hope is broken.
We had thought to mark thee long,
With thy liquid notes of song,
And those eyes with tears unwet,
Sporting by our threshold yet ;
But a blight is on thy brow,
And what boots the vision now ?
Every name of former kindness,
Tells but of our heedless blindness. —
Fount — thy little source has failed thee !
Tree — the wild wind has assailed thee !
Flower — thy leaves with dust are blended !
Star — thy course of light is ended !

THE LOCUST.

Few thinking persons can look at this insect without remembering those words of Scripture, — "God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong;" because this seemingly insignificant creature in his hands becomes a dreadful scourge, and goes forth to execute his vengeance on the nations of the earth. The young reader will doubtless recollect, that the plague of locusts was one of those signs and wonders wrought by the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, to humble the pride of its impious and unbelieving monarch.

Locusts were seen in different parts of Britain 1748, and great mischief was apprehended; but coldness and humidity of the climate prevented them from increasing, and they all perished.

The annals of most warm countries contain full accounts of the devastations committed by

Those which appear in Europe are supposed to be bred in the interior parts of Asia and Africa. This insect is about three inches long : the head and horns are of a brownish colour ; but it is blue about the mouth and the inside of the larger legs. The shield that covers the back is of a greenish hue, and the upper side of the body brown, spotted with black, and the under side purple. The upper wings are brown, with some small dusky spots, and one large spot at the tips. The under ones are more transparent, and of a lighter brown, tinted with green, and a dark cloud of spots near each tip.


These insects are said to take the field under the command of a general, to whose flight and motions they pay the greatest attention. Their appearance, at a distance, resembles a cloud ; and, as they approach nearer, they obscure the light of the sun.

The following interesting account of the ravages in Spain, committed by the red-winged locust during 1754, and the three succeeding years, was published in Dillon's Travels through that country : —

“ In these years the locusts were continually seen *in the southern parts of Spain, particularly in Estre-*

madura. In 1754 their increase was so great, from the multitude of females, that all La Mancha and Portugal were covered with them, and totally ravaged. The horrors of famine were spread even further, and assailed the fruitful provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia. These locusts seemed to devour not so much from a ravenous appetite, as from a rage of destroying every thing that came in their way. It is not surprising that they should be fond of the most juicy plants and fruits, such as melons and all manner of garden fruits and herbs, and feed also upon aromatic plants, such as lavender, thyme, and rosemary, which are so common in Spain that they serve to heat ovens; but it is very singular, that they equally eat mustard-seed, onions, and garlic, nay even hemlock, and the most rank and poisonous plants, such as the thorn-apple and the deadly night-shade. They will even prey upon crowfoot, the causticity of which burns the very hides of beasts; and so universal is their taste, that they do not prefer the innocent mallow to the bitter furze, or rue to wormwood, consuming all alike without any apparent predilection or favour. Out of curiosity I examined the stom-

the locust, and found a soft, thin membrane, containing a liquid with which it dissolves all kinds of substances equally with the most caustic and venomous plants, extracting from them a sufficient and salutary nourishment. I next examined its head, which was about the size of a pea, though longer: its forehead pointing downwards, like that of the handsome Andalusian horse; its mouth large and open, and its eyes black and rolling. In its two jaws it had four incisive teeth, whose sharp points traversed each other like scissors, their mechanism being such as to gripe or cut; and its wings were of a fine rose-colour. When these formidable insects rise, they form a black cloud that intercepts the rays of the sun: the clear atmosphere of Spain becomes gloomy, and the finest summer's day of Estremadura more dismal than a winter's day in Holland. The motion of so many millions of wings in the air, seems like the trees of a forest when agitated by the wind. The first direction of this immense column, (which is commonly five hundred feet in height,) is always against the wind, which, if not too strong, will extend the army of locusts a couple of leagues in length. The insects



then make a halt, when the most dreadful havoc begins, their sense of smell being so delicate, that they can find at any distance a corn-field or a garden, and, after demolishing it, rise again in pursuit of another : this may be said to be done in an instant. Each is endowed, as it were, with four arms and two feet : the males climb up the plants, as sailors the shrouds of a ship, and nip off the tenderest buds, which fall to the females below.

“The female locust generally lays about forty eggs, which her sagacity teaches her to screen from the intemperature of the air, by forming for them a retreat underground : — the manner in which she constructs this cell is very surprising. In the hinder part of her body, nature has provided her with a round smooth instrument, which, at its head, is as big as a writing quill, diminishing to a hard, sharp point, hollow within, like the tooth of a viper, but only to be seen to be so with a lens. At the root of this vehicle there is a cavity, with a kind of bladder, containing a glutinous matter of the same colour, but without its consistency or tenacity, as that of the silk-worm, as I found by an experiment made for the purpose, and in

sion of vinegar for several days without any effect. The orifice of the bladder corresponds exactly with that of the instrument which serves to eject the glutinous matter : it is hid under the skin of the belly, and can partake of its motions, forming the most admirable contexture for every part of its operation. She can dispose of this fluid at pleasure, which has three very essential properties : first, being indissoluble in water, it prevents the young from being drowned ; next, it resists the heat of the sun, otherwise the structure would give way and destroy its inhabitants ; lastly, it is proof against the frosts of winter, so as to preserve a necessary warmth within. For greater security, this retreat is always contrived in a solitary place : for, though a million of locusts were to alight upon a cultivated field, not one would deposit her eggs there ; but, whenever they meet a barren and lonesome situation, there they are sure to lay their eggs. In June the young brood begin to make their appearance, forming many compact bodies of several hundred yards square, which afterwards climb the trees, walls, and houses, devouring every *thing that is green* in their way. Having lived nearly

a month in this manner, they arrive at their full growth, and throw off their worm-like state by casting their skins. To prepare themselves for this change, they affix their hinder part to some bush, or twig, or corner of a stone, when immediately, by an undulating motion, their heads first appear, and then the rest of their bodies. The whole transformation is effected in seven or eight minutes, after which they remain for a little while in a languishing condition; but, as soon as the sun and air have hardened their wings, and dried up the moisture that remains after casting off their former sloughs, they return to their wonted greediness with an addition both of strength and agility.

“Locusts are the prey of serpents, lizards, frogs, and carnivorous birds. They are used as an article of food by the inhabitants of Barbary, and are publicly offered for sale in Tunis, and other places.”

1831

ALL
TILB



H. Farn.

UNION INTERNATIONAL

THE VETERAN.

AH, boys! I do not love to see this feeling in your
 hearts,

And to my weak and aged eyes the tear unbidden
 starts,

As memory strays o'er by gone days; when I, like
 you, my boys,

Thought of a soldier's life as one of triumphs and of
 joys;

But, ah! a long, long life of care and sore distress
 has taught,

That 't is not in the scenes of war that pleasure may
 be sought.

I once had friends as kind as yours—a cheerful
 happy home—

But I prized them not: my young heart yearned
 o'er the wide world to roam.

THE VIOLET.

loved the soldier's glittering coat, — the drum's
deep rolling sound ;
and I loved to hear the martial tread that shook the
earth around.
My boyish spirit longed to join that seeming happy
band ;
I cared not then for friends and home, nor for my
native land ;
I longed with them to wander far in distant climes,
to see
That world which in my youthful dreams seemed
fair and bright to me.
I went — I left my father's house, my mother's
tender care,
To the rude and brutal scenes of war which I was
forced to share.
My tender limbs were nightly stretched upon the
damp cold earth,
And often was I made to join in scenes of brutal mirth
Repentance came — alas ! too late. I could not
then return,
And I trembled 'neath my captain's eye — so piti-
and stern !

Each day by hardships ever new my burning heart
was wrung,

They had no pity on my youth (*and I was very
young*).

But years passed on, and I, at length, became inured
to pain ;

I ceased to feel their cruel taunts — I flung them
back again !

I now could face unshrinkingly the scenes of blood
and crime ;

But, oh ! my boys — I loved it not — 't was a heart-
sickening time :

I've seen the brave and joyous youth cut down in
all his pride,

And firm and steadfast veteran, low lying by his
side .

I've seen a mother beg in vain, with agonising tears,
The life of her beloved son — the mainstay of her
years.

I've seen that noble boy led out to die before her
eyes,

And the heartless soldiers as they passed mocked at
her tears and cries !

THE VIOLET.

are the scenes of war, my boys! this is a
soldier's life;
as you think, a happy one: — 'tis care, and toil,
and strife?

and now a weary, sad old man, I have returned
once more,

To spend the evening of my days, at my own cottage
door.

'Tis soothing to my heart to feel, again, that friends
are nigh,

To have them round me while I live, and in their
arms to die.

My life has been a stormy one, by adverse fortune
driven,

But I murmur not, for now I know there's rest for
me in Heaven."

Thus spake our venerable friend one summer
day,

When we, a group of merry boys, were busy
play; into our hearts as from

And seemed to thrill the inmost soul with some bewitching spell.

That hoary head is now laid low, that voice is hushed for aye,

But we 've never played at soldiers since that oft remembered day.

M. H. R.

MY FIRST MISFORTUNE!

WHEN, as a child, I made my way into my father's office in search of my kitten, or of any ball or shuttlecock that might have bounded in through an open window or door, I commonly took the liberty of staying a little while to make my observations on the mighty apparatus for law business there stored up. After a peep into some enormous law books, I once very innocently asked how many laws of England there were which people must not break if they wished to be safe. My father's answer threw me into great trepidation; and I presently determined that, if I passed through life without being brought before a jury, it would be by a lucky chance, and by integrity founded on civic knowledge. I thought, at that time, how much easier it would evade the pains and penalties of positive laws, like those laid down in my father's books.

of those the limits and application of which must be determined by every one for himself. In proportion as my terror of civil laws has abated, my anxiety about the rules of conscience has increased. I have long perceived, for instance, that I, a young lady of good family and fortune, stand in no particular peril from the laws against poaching, or fraudulent bankruptcy, or sedition and rebellion; while I see more and more, as I gain an insight into the complicated relations of society, how difficult it is to determine the exact bearing of some rules of social morals.

Of these none are more difficult to fix (to say nothing about obeying them, when they are fixed) than the laws of the tongue. On this branch of morals my attention has been peculiarly fastened, from "My First Misfortune" having happened through ignorance and carelessness respecting it. I am not going to offer the results of my experience and reflections, but to relate the event to which I refer.

It is the lot (favourable or unfavourable) of few to reach the age of nineteen, without a misfortune; but it was mine. I was as happy, I believe, as children *ever are*. What little troubles I had were chiefly of

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making ; and I was indebted to every body
me for a great many pleasures. My brothers
and with me till they went to college : my sis-
ter, who were much older than myself, taught me
garden, and led me with them to the village
school, and to the cottages, and whithersoever they
new I should like to accompany them : my father
took me on his knee when he left the office for the
drawing-room, and told me stories in my childhood,
and held conversations with me in my youth : my
mother — I cannot say what she did for me ; all
that I learned was from or through her, all that
I enjoyed was under her sanction, all the allevia-
tions of my little troubles I owed to her. Nobody
found me intractable ; but my mother's slightest
wish was law. In only one instance do I remem-
ber having rebelled, and then not in word or deed, or
in thought : it was because she declined invit-
ing to the house a girl nearly my own age, who was
thought, be a charming companion for me, and
grandmother (with whom she lived) was very
that she should be received among us for
visit. Why my mother's hospitality, usual-

should not be extended to Jane Mornington, at the hinted desire of her guardian, who was a distant relation of ours, I could not understand ; and, not understanding, was displeased. How long my displeasure lasted, I cannot recollect ; but I do not think I quite got rid of it till my mother's reasons were gradually disclosed by circumstances.

In those days it was our custom to pass the summer afternoons in the shaded bay-window which opened into the garden ; and there, while sitting at work, to hold conversations, which, however well they might begin, sometimes went beyond the *utile*, if not the *dulce*. Sometimes, when we had done with things in general, we dwelt a little too long on people in particular ; and, though I believe as little nonsense, and less scandal, was talked than commonly transpires in families residing in a retired village, it seems to me, now, that it would have been wiser occasionally to proffer a book to the general reader of the party, or to forestall the evening's music or chess, than to exhaust our subjects of conversation, like the child who squeezes his orange till the bitter

of the rind mingles with what, in its first flow, has no taste of bitterness. When I now see the afternoon shadows stretching over the little lawn, or when the scents of our clove-pinks are wafted in through that window, remembrances, not wholly pleasurable, flit before me, and I become aware that our happy family intercourse was not altogether so happy or so profitable as it might have been. As far as Jane Mornington is involved in these remembrances, they are certainly far from pleasing; for I can never think of her without considerable pain.

This Jane Mornington was one of the unprofitable subjects of our conversation. We lamented her grandmother's blindness to her faults, since there was no one else to take care of her. We found, by comparing all that we knew and all that we heard of her, that she was not only extremely giddy, but careless about truth. It was undeniable that she practised petty cunning occasionally; for she herself betrayed this by subsequent indiscretion. She had made a gross misrepresentation to such a one; she had deceived and offended such another; she ha

misled or deluded her grandmother on such an occasion, and, not having been rebuked, would be encouraged to do worse another time : and as for her impetuosity of manner, if it did some service by betraying her little sinister designs now and then, it did much more harm by putting people off their guard, and winning them by an appearance of simplicity. Her conduct towards Harriet Evans was enough of itself to condemn her :—to allure the poor girl into a desperate friendship by her frank condescension, and, after having accepted all her confidence, and influenced her to break off an engagement nearly concluded, to discard her and betray her secrets—what could be worse? It was certain that Jane was a very dangerous person for any girl to associate with, and not to be trusted in any matter whatsoever.

Now, how true soever all this might be, it was no business of ours, as Jane was not likely to fall in our way, and as we had no influence, direct or indirect, over her conduct, or her grandmother's methods of domestic government. It served, however, to en-

lighten me respecting my mother's motives for having declined bringing us together ; and I rejoiced that I had not had, and was not likely to have, any acquaintance with Jane Mornington.

When I was nineteen, I went to London, for the first time, to spend the Christmas holidays at the house of an aunt, who had kindly invited a young friend of her's to meet me, as all her children were too young to be companions to me. The first fortnight of my visit was blissful. I was somewhat afraid of my aunt, it is true ; but I loved the children, and Isabella was exactly the girl I could make a friend of ; — so generous in her feelings, so frank in her manners, so much of my own way of thinking in every thing. With these pleasures at home, and abundance of gaiety abroad, the days flew away like a happy dream ; and the accounts of them that I sent home caused no little amusement, as I afterwards found, in the family circle. At the end of a fortnight, Isabella was obliged to leave us ; but she went no further than the next square, whence she could come and see us very often, and whither I failed not to go every day. Our confidences were all the w

intimate from our not being perpetually together ; and not even over our own fire at night had we enjoyed our conversations so much as now, when her grandfather was asleep in his easy-chair, or engaged in his study with his lawyer.

On one of these occasions, Isabella told me that a very agreeable thing had happened since she saw me : — she had been brought acquainted with one of the pleasantest people she had ever seen ; so clever, so open-hearted, so like me, that she had taken to her at once : she believed that they were likely to meet very often ; and it would be the fault of neither if they did not, for the inclination was strong on both sides. Of course, I was anxious to know who this delightful person was, and to be allowed my share of the privilege of her acquaintance. It was Jane Mornington.

“ Like me ! ” cried I : and I suppose my countenance fell ; for Isabella looked at me with astonished silence. In a few moments I ran over in my mind all I knew of Jane, — the relative position of herself, Isabella, and me, and the duties of friendship that I

owed to Isabella, — and resolved, without delay, that I ought to warn her against the dangers of intercourse with one so deceitful as I believed Jane to be. Without waiting for encouragement, I began my disclosures. They were coldly received. Still I went on. At the first pause, Isabella tried to introduce another subject; but it was never my way to leave any matter only half discussed. When I had, with all possible earnestness, and in stronger terms than I should now use in any affair short of one of life and death, related my facts, mingled with comments, and exhortations, and warnings, I perceived with consternation that Isabella was not at all moved in the way I wished, but very much in some other way for which I could not account. I pressed for an explanation, when Isabella merely said that she had frequently heard of Jane Mornington before she met her, and that all her prepossessions respecting her were of an opposite character to mine; and that when she had seen more of her, which she now more than ever should take care to do, she should be better able to form an opinion for herself.

"You do not suppose," said I, effectually quieted, "that I wish to prevent your seeing her, and forming an opinion for yourself?"

"What is it, then, that you do wish?"

"To prevent your being won upon by her manner; to prevent your being involved before you are aware, and betrayed and discarded as others have been."

"I do not know what you mean by being involved; and as for being discarded, that is impossible in any state of the case."

"Isabella! I do believe you are offended."

"Your opinions of me certainly are any thing but complimentary. To suppose that I am to be at once wrought upon, that I must necessarily receive any impressions any one wishes to make upon me; that I am to be patronised and discarded at the pleasure of any person whatever, that ——"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried I. "I am sure I see plainly enough that you do not receive any impressions one may wish to make. But you do not know how insinuating Jane Mornington is, how she takes

every body at first, how impossible it is to guess from her manner what she really is."

"I would rather you should not try to repair a bad compliment to me, by saying what is of much more consequence against somebody else."

"Oh! I wish I could make you understand me," cried I. "It is because of the very qualities I admire most in you that I am so anxious to put you on your guard. You are so generous, so unsuspicious, so frank, that you might go further than is safe before you were aware. However, now you have only to judge for yourself."

"I intend to do so," replied Isabella, "as I did before I saw you this morning."

We were very flat for the few minutes we remained together after this; and, on Isabella's being summoned to her grandfather for a moment, I rose to go. Isabella did not refuse to shake hands; but her farewell was cold.

"What have I done?" thought I, as I quitted the house. "I have offended Isabella most certainly: is it because I have mortified her self-complacency, or

cause she thinks me a back-biter? Am I sure, quite sure, that I have done no injustice to Jane Mornington?" What would I have given to have the last half-hour blotted from her memory and my own! A thousand schemes of explanation, of reparation, occurred to me; and by the time I reached home, I was convinced that I had so far done wrong that I ought to enjoin silence on Isabella, till I could consider what course I must next take. I turned back suddenly, and was walking at my most rapid pace, when I met my aunt at the end of the street.

"My dear, where are you going? Do you know it is dinner-time? I am late home to-day."

"I know it," said I; "but I must just speak one word to Isabella. I will follow you instantly."

"You had better send a note," said my aunt; but I was gone.

Isabella was not alone when I entered the drawing room again: a youth, whom I had never seen before, was standing by the mantel-piece, reading the new paper, while Isabella was at the piano. Not bestowing any thought on her companion, further than a *vague notion* that his presence did not signify,

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reading, and did not know what we had been
king about, I made my request that Isabella would
peat nothing that I had said till she saw me again.

"Come again soon, then," said she; "because
my principle is to learn, at the fountain-head, the
truth of all such representations as you have made
to me, and that before they have had time to make
any deep impression on my own mind."

I could not stay to discuss the merits of this prin-
ciple; but, hastily giving the reasons of my request,
which involved the mention of names and circum-
stances, I turned homewards again, being far from
certain that I had not made matters worse by this
last proceeding.

My being late for dinner accounted to my aunt for
the flatness of my spirits at first; but, when she
found that I was lost in thought the whole evening,
and that I had brightened but little by the next
morning, she became uneasy and suspicious th
something uncomfortable had happened, but co
learn nothing from me further than that I was c
well, and had received very pleasant accounts
home.

I grew more and more unhappy. I had thought so intensely on all the circumstances of the case, that I had lost the power of judging of them. I really could not at all decide whether I had done only what my friendship for Isabella required, or whether I had really made myself a scandal-monger; and I had become so confused between what I had said, and what I now thought I ought to have said, that, if challenged to give a report of our conversation, I could not have done it. My best resource was to go to Isabella; but she was out. I called again: she had not returned. Fairly tired of pondering so disagreeable a subject, I determined at last to drive it from my thoughts, and to leave it to Isabella to seek me, if she wished for a further explanation.

She did not come during the next two days. When the third morning was wearing away without relief, I became impatient; and, my aunt being out, I hastened to make one more attempt to see Isabella. At the entrance of the square I met my aunt, who, guessing my destination, gravely advised me not to *proceed till I had had some conversation with her.*

I turned back in silence, and was in a state of indescribable irritation till relieved from suspense; that is, till the children were dismissed after dinner. I then learned that Isabella had, as she was wont, opened her mind to her grandfather, who had taken upon himself to repeat the whole to my aunt, out of a friendly concern for my moral welfare. Isabella hated nothing so much as a spirit of uncharitableness from woman to woman. She could not resist the impression my vehemence gave her that I spoke through jealousy; and she was besides personally offended at what seemed my mean estimation of herself, insomuch that she declared to her grandfather that she had no wish ever to see me again.

How these words pierced through my soul! Their sharpness made me comparatively careless about my aunt's opinion, which was humbling enough, I sa though she was not unkind. I thought it impossible to be more wretched than I was that night; I found myself mistaken. The next day I was terror-struck at every sound, and dreaded the appearance of a new face; when suddenly a carriage stopped at my door, and the face which of all faces I had re-

seen, presented itself. The old lady with whom Mr Mornington lived, had heard, by some unknown means, (I suppose through the stranger whose presence I had disregarded, during my explanations with Isabella,) that I had aspersed her grandchild's character: and she came to demand reparation. It was impossible to enter into explanations with her: it was impossible to disprove, or even to doubt, the history she gave of the breaking off of Harriet Evans's engagement, with which it appeared that Jane had really nothing to do. I did not know which way to turn. I was as firmly convinced as possible that my general estimation of Jane's character was a right one; yet I had no means of proving it: and, as I had been mistaken in one point, I could expect no credit on others. In utter despair, I wrote to my mother to entreat her to take me home, that I might hide my face in retirement, which was fitter for me than London. By way of obtaining present relief, rather than from any definite hope, I related the whole story, as well I could remember it: and a happy thing it was for me that I did so. An answer came sooner than I had thought one could arrive: it was as follows: —

“ My Dear Child, — I need not say how grieved we are for your present distress, and how earnestly desirous to help you if we could. We all agree, however, in thinking that any interference of ours would only injure your cause. You have strength enough to extricate yourself honourably from your difficulties, if your intentions have throughout been as good as we are convinced they have been. I do not mean that you will satisfy every body ; that is too much to expect : and, indeed, a certain share of blame is the natural penalty of such imprudence as you are aware you have been guilty of. But if, as I am convinced, your statements are substantially true, you will recover Isabella's friendship, and the esteem of your other friends, by acting and speaking with fearless, yet temperate, honesty. I shall not prescribe your line of conduct, for you know as well as I what is right ; and, indeed, much better, from being on the spot. Be frank, and keep up your spirits, and temper, and think not of consequences ; and all will yet be well.

“ I have not adverted to your wish to return home, because I trust and believe that the wish was uttered

under an impulse which has long since passed away. I hope, my love, you will remain as long as you planned at first, and that your mind will soon be sufficiently at ease to allow of your enjoying the many pleasures within your reach. We shall be anxious to hear from you as soon as you may be disposed to write, and are obliged by the full confidence you have placed in us. Your father and sisters join in kind love to you with your affectionate mother."

After reading this, I felt myself equal to any thing ; and, under its immediate inspiration, determined upon a proceeding which I was afterwards very thankful for having been led to adopt. I demanded of Isabella that she should go with me to Jane Mornington, which she was ready and even eager to do, when she knew what my purpose was. When admitted to Jane's presence, I requested Isabella to give an exact account of the whole of our conversation. Isabella did this with many blushes, but with admirable fidelity.

"Now," said I, addressing myself to Jane Mornington, "I acknowledge myself mistaken respecting the *breaking off of Harriet Evans's engagement*, in which

I am convinced you had no share. I acknowledge that I put other facts in the strongest light, and that my comments upon them were somewhat severe : and as to the imprudence of mentioning any of the circumstances in the presence of a stranger, there can be no doubt. But here end my confessions. I now put it to your honour to say how far my remaining statements are true, and beg to remind you that your best method of disproving my remarks upon you is, to be as open as I am, in a matter in which the reputation of both is involved. We will give you our word that what passes here shall be known to no one; my object being merely to regain Isabella's confidence, which will be a sufficient justification of me to others."

Jane was much struck by my method of proceeding, and, for a time, moved to a reciprocation of frankness: but her habits of equivocation soon resumed their power; and she disappointed and disgusted me by the shabbiness of some of her replies to my questions, and by the resentment she affected when the impulse of good feeling had spent itself. My purpose, however, was answered : Isabella understood her thoroughly,

in a very short time ; and, as I did not wish to expose Jane unnecessarily, I rose to go as soon as I saw that my point was gained.

“ You have disappointed me,” said I, “ by the dissingenuousness of some of your conduct to-day ; but this does not lessen my desire to do you justice. I wish you to point out the mode in which I may make reparation for the error I have acknowledged here, and which I am ready to acknowledge elsewhere.”

Jane answered haughtily, that she required me to contradict, wherever I had made it, the statement which I acknowledged to be false. This was done easily and immediately, as the stranger youth and Isabella were the only people who had heard me speak on the subject. We could never learn from this youth to what extent he had spread the report ; but, notwithstanding his assurances that he had set the matter right every where, I have ever since been subject to a heart-ache when I have thought of the probability that I have been the means of propagating an injurious charge.

Isabella offered me her entire confidence again ; *owning that she had been hasty in attributing my*

warnings to jealousy. Our friendship has never since been interrupted. Her grandfather was quite satisfied with seeing us happy together again, and asked me, that very day, to drink tea and play backgammon with him. My aunt, therefore, concluded that all was right, and took care to change the subject whenever Jane's guardian directed her discourse towards me or mine. As for myself, I avoided all means of knowing what Jane might say of me, and can only hope, that if she ever thinks of me, amidst the novelties of her life in India, it is with less pain than that of which I am conscious on every remembrance of her.

Surely there is no exaggeration in calling this adventure a misfortune. I believe that none of the trials I have since undergone have harassed me so deeply, or so long, as the apprehension that I might have been a back-biter; the overthrow of my confidence in my own discretion; and, more than both these together, the self-reproach for being more affected by this event than by many in which I know myself to have been much more guilty. I did not entirely recover my gaiety till long after my return home; and my impressions of my first visit to Lon-

don are all tinged with sadness. My mother's sole apprehension was that I should be made cowardly by this painful experience; but against this danger, her influence and my temperament have prevailed. I am still disposed to rashness rather than caution, and have alarmed myself repeatedly by the earnestness of my expostulations with my friends. But serious consequences follow our indiscretions less frequently than we deserve; and whether or not I have erred, I have never again been afflicted in the manner I have related. It was, of its peculiar kind, my *last* as well as MY FIRST MISFORTUNE.

THE RELEASE OF THE CAGED LARK :

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE season of gladness and flowers is returning ;
The bright eye of day in the blue sky is burning ;
The meadows with gold the gay crowfoot is flushing ;
To the wind's plaintive murmurs the clear streams
are gushing ;

The desolate earth her green mantle renewing,
Now smiles like a maiden just decked for the wooing ;
The violets, like gems, on her bosom are lying ;
'Mid the young tender blossoms the zephyr is sighing ;
The leaf from its shroud in fresh verdure is springing ;
In the branches above me the small birds are sing-
ing ; —

Whilst here, all the day,
I pour my sad lay ;
And whilst I complain,
So tender 's the strain,

That my mistress looks up to rejoice in my pain.

You smile, lovely tyrant ! your light task resuming :
For you all the flowers of the season are blooming.

The apple-bud's tint on your soft cheek is lying ;
The snow of your brow with the lily's is vying ;
The ringlets of gold, round your white temples
twining,

Like the graceful laburnum's long clusters are
shining ;

Beneath their black fringes your sweet eyes are
beaming,

Like the violet's blue crest 'mid its dark foliage
gleaming ;

Your full, parted lips, like twin rose-buds, are blow-
ing, —

The deep damask rose in June's diadem glowing ; —

But, ah ! though more fair

Than blossoms so rare,

Your bosom is cold

When my sorrows are told ;

And your poor little songster in thralldom you hold !

Oh, call it not music ! when sorrow is pouring

Her sighs to the breeze, in low accents deploring

The loss of that liberty — life's dearest blessing —
Which renders me cold to your playful caressing.
Oh! think of that hour, when, my free wings unfurling,

The blue waves of ether around me were curling,
My bed of heath-blossoms and clover forsaking,
I mounted aloft when the morning was breaking,
To the gates of the East on the fresh breezes sailing,
Earth's joyous ambassador, heaven's monarch hailing!

Must this cage bind the pinion
That scorned earth's dominion,
And silence the song
Which once floated along,
Where the anthem of seraphs the breezes prolong?

Ah, no! — you have pity: — the bright tears are stealing,

Unsullied and warm, from the fountain of feeling;
With painful emotion your young heart is throbbing:
Far dearer than music, to me, that low sobbing,
Which tells that compassion your bosom is heaving.

That your spirit is moved by the voice of my grieving.

With eyes raised to heaven, on the gay sunshine
glancing,

With tremulous step to my prison advancing,

You open my dungeon, your soft hand enclosing

The fluttering wings on your bosom reposing ;

And now with a kiss

You the captive dismiss,

And bid me away

To the regions of day,

To pour at heaven's portal for you one sweet lay.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS:

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I KNEW a little cottage maid,
An orphan from her birth ;
And yet she might be truly called
The happiest child on earth.

As guileless as the gentle lambs
That fed beneath her care,
Her mind was like a summer stream,
Unruffled, pure, and fair.

'Midst all the hardships of her lot,
Her looks were calm and meek ;
And cheerfully the rose of health
Was blooming on her cheek.

The merry sports which childhood loves,
To her were never known ;
Yet Ellen, in her lonely hours
Had pleasures of her own.

She loved her peaceful flock to lead
To some sweet wooded hill,
That over-hung the flowery plain
And softly-gliding rill;

And, couched amidst the blossomed heath,
From that delightful spot,
To mark the distant village spire,
And many a well-known cot:

Whence watched she oft the curling smoke
In misty wreaths ascend,
And, on the blue horizon's verge,
With loftier vapours blend.

She heard a music in the sigh
Of streams and waving trees,
And sang her artless songs of joy
To every passing breeze.

She made acquaintance with the birds
That gaily fluttered nigh;
And e'en the lowly insect tribes
Were precious in her eye.

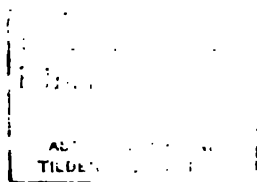
She saw a glory in each cloud,
A moral in each flower ;
That all to her young heart proclaimed
Their great Creator's power.

Nor looked the little maid in vain
Some kindly glance to meet, —
One lowly friend was ever near,
Reposing at her feet : —

A friend whose fond and generous love
Misfortune ne'er estranged ;
In sunshine and in storm the same,
Through weal and wo unchanged.

The dreary heath or barren moor,
Or park, or pasture fair,
Are all alike to faithful Tray,
If Ellen is but there.

His joys are centred all in her ;
His world 's the lonely wild,
Where he attends, the live-long day,
That solitary child.





THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

I love to gaze on the rolling wave
In its deep resistless flow,
Though many therein have found a grave
Mid the coral rocks below.
I love to look on the dashing brine
Whirled up in a wild commotion ;—
All have their sports, and this is mine,
The child of the roaring ocean.

When the waves are calm and the tempest stilled,
In my father's bark I ride,
For he will not trust his only child
On the rude tempestuous tide.
But when the waves run high, and he
Is out on the stormy water,
Oh, then, I feel 'tis sad to be
The hardy fisher's daughter.

When I look out o'er the wide expanse
Of the dark and troubled sea,
I feel that a greater power than chance,
Must bring him back to me.
I pray to my Father in Heaven above
For him who is on that water,
To bring him back in His arms of love
To his sad and lonely daughter.

Then I wander forth with a lightened heart
To watch on the pebbled shore,
But my fears still rise, if he cometh not,
When I hear the surges roar ; —
'Till like a speck in the evening light
Comes the boat with its heavy loading ;
And I, in my father's smile so bright,
Lose every sad foreboding.

M. H. R.

C O N T E N T S .

THE northern part of Derbyshire is more cold than any other spot of England or of Europe, if not of the world, in the same latitude. In what is called the Peak, consisting of a chain of high mountains, some grain will never ripen, and it is not uncommon to see oats out and uncut as late as the month of November. The winters are very severe, and the frost remains so long on the ground, that it cannot be broken up till the season is very far advanced: the consequence is, that the corn has not time to ripen, and, when cut down, is often left to dry in the sun, or be withered by the wind.

Not far from the village of Castleton, and in the neighbourhood of three of the seven wonders of the Peak, there is a low and lonely cottage, the humble abode of a poor family, which has been some time supported by the charity of those who know its many

sufferings, and the virtuous contentment with which they have been borne. The man calls himself a native of the Peak, and says that he was born in the open air, at the bottom of Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain. It is supposed that he was left by some vagrant parents, when an infant or a youth, to the care of whoever might discover him, or to support himself as he might chance to be able.

Up to the age of twenty, he gained his bread by collecting substances worth taking to the neighbouring towns to sell. He then married a clean industrious young woman, and they took their turn in going round the country with their basket of spars and stone. Five young children, within as many years, prevented the woman from doing much for their support; but the man would have continued able to maintain them, had he been left in his favourite home, and to his own habitual course.

Unfortunately for David Lowe, for that was the name given to him from the first, he had once been a coasting voyage, and was therefore marked out for impressment at a time when seamen were much wanted. A gang took him one moonlight night, *while his wife was at the well, and his children were*

in bed. He sailed first in the fleet that conveyed the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby to Holland; and then to the West Indies, with other troops, commanded by the same brave man. This was his last voyage. He was sent to England in ill health. The damps and fogs of Holland had chilled him almost to death, and the burning heat of the West Indies had nearly consumed his remaining strength; but he remembered how the air of the Peak used to brace him, and he thought that perhaps his poor wife and babes still lived there: what then could he do better than return, and spend the rest of his breath where he first strangely drew it. He could not walk so far; but he had a little money left; and before it was quite gone, he was once more in his old cottage, and his wife and little ones were again around him.

When he arrived, all his children were at home, but Sam the eldest boy. "He will be here," said his mother, "in a little time: he is only gone to his old employment, to get a few more pence for my comfort, and now for yours." Having left the boy a mere child, the father was astonished that he could have done anything towards supporting the

family, or that he could now be old and strong enough to earn a penny.

"What in the world," said David, "can poor Sam do?" — You have given him space enough, at all events," said his mother, "to move and work in."

"Well, I love to see boys, as well as men, at work," said David. "As I came along by the farm, I saw a boy on a mare, leading it and a colt from water. The boy seemed a good contented lad, and I could not help wishing he was my own."

The wife smiled, and said, "Why, David, have you left your senses in Holland, or do you mean to cast reflection on me, by pretending not to know your own child? The boy you saw upon the horse must have been Sam himself: he has been employed at the farm some time, and his master only wishes he was older, that he might keep him on all the year; but he has promised that Sam shall be at home when you want him, to help you gather stones, or show the rocks, and that at other times he shall have work at the farm."

Weak as David was, he was now contented and cheerful. Even the air of the Peak was not likely to restore him to health, nor long to preserve h

life ; but he wished to breathe no other. While he was in Holland, he suffered a dangerous illness ; but was taken great care of in the house of a Dutch peasant of very low rank, but of very high and honourable feelings. We shall best give the character of David's friend, by one remarkable event of his life. After the soldiers of Buonaparte had subdued Holland, he went through the country, to gain a knowledge of its habits and people. In some very heavy weather, he took shelter, with a few attendants, in the hut of this very peasant. When the stout Dutchman was told that the little man was the general-in-chief, he thought, and almost said, " Is this the conqueror and master of my brave country ? " Buonaparte spoke to him with kindness, and asked if he could serve him. " No, Sir," said the peasant, " for then I fear I must serve you." Pleased with his homely and honest answer, the general then said, " Have you any daughters ? " — " Yes," he said, " I have ; what do *you* want with *them* ? " — " I can provide husbands for them," said Buonaparte. " No," said the Dutchman, " I had rather do that myself." — " But I can place you in a better situa-

tion to enable you to do it," said the general.
"Thank you, Sir, once for all," replied the man;
"but I am perfectly contented where I am."

Whether David Lowe learned his first lesson of contentment, or only increased this disposition, in the Dutchman's hut, we cannot tell. It was impossible, however, for a thoughtful and observing man like him to be two or three months the patient of such a contented peasant, and not be bettered in his temper, quite as much as he was in his health. He had nothing to give his friend, and the Dutchman would have taken nothing if he had; but as David left him, he said, "If ever our countries come to peace again, and I get home to the Peak, I shall send you something that will make you remember me." — "If it costs you nothing," said the peasant, "I shall be contented; but not a stiver of expense shall you ever be at for me. The book always nearest my heart," he added, pulling out a small New Testament from his rough bosom, "tells me to learn, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

As David was going on board the packet that was

to convey him to England, an incident occurred, that considerably added to the indisposition under which he laboured. A man was seen at a distance, clinging to the side of a boat half under water. Upon listening a moment, his cries for help could be distinctly heard. The persons in David's boat, passing with him to the vessel, began, Dutchmen like, debating slowly with each other whether they should row around to the spot at once, or go to the vessel, and then proceed to the man's assistance. Enraged at their hesitation, David, ill as he was, plunged into the water, and swam quickly to the sinking boat. With surprising agility and strength, he fastened himself on the upper side, and getting hold of the helm, fixed it in a moment, and restored the boat to its right position. He was rewarded for his courage and kindness; but no reward could compensate him for the deeper cold which that enterprise struck in his constitution.

We must now attend David Lowe at his native and favourite Peak. So long as he was able, he continued to collect, from the scattered stones of the mountain, all that was likely to be acceptable to travellers, or to be saleable at the neighbouring

towns. But this employment became too cold for David's *present* constitution through more than half the year, and the heat of half the remaining part was still more intolerable. He was at the foot of Mam Tor one fine summer morning, and trembling with cold, he said to his boy, who was now at home to take care of him, "Sam, you know what they call this hill, don't you?" — "Yes, father, said the boy, "they call it the Shivering Mountain." — "Ah!" replied Lowe, scarcely able to stand, "it is so indeed to me now: once I could go up every steep of it, and be as firm as the sturdiest oak at Chatsworth; but now, Sam, I *shiver* in every part of me. Come and stand by me, boy, and, if you can, keep me from falling till I get into the plain road. "But," he exclaimed, "I am at the Peak, and I am *contented*!"

It may appear strange, that so worthy and well known a man was not employed somewhere else, in easier and more profitable work. This arose from his remarkably contented temper, which sometimes appeared to stand in the way of bettering his condition. He would have been willing to manage a *little garden*, near his own cottage, and thus yield

his family more comfortable support ; but the ground in that neighbourhood affords very few spots capable of being tilled by a strong man, and much less by one so feeble as he was. Some of the gentry around had offered to employ him in their gardens, or in their houses ; but he was not able to endure regular work, and he never would, he said, keep another and better man out of employ. The noble owner of Chatsworth had heard of David, and told the steward to place him at one of the outer park gates ; but he said that a place among the lowest of his grace's pensioners contented him, and the park gate would be kept better by some other poor man.

It may be thought that the charity he received rendered him so comfortable, that he had no wish to exert himself: but it was not so. David never received — in fact, he never would receive — more than was sufficient to cover himself and family from the weather, and preserve them and him from want. When offered more, he would say, “The Dutchman's book tells me, that, ‘having food and raiment, I should be therewith content.’ ”

One autumn morning, a party of ladies and gentlemen from Buxton stopped at his cottage, and wished

to obtain a guide to examine every part of the Shivering Mountain, and then proceed to what is called the "Peak Cavern." David knew every turn and bend of the latter wonderful place ; but the mountain was so often changing its form by the falling of its slaty substances, that he could seldom trust himself to take strangers about it. Besides, the footing was so frequently dangerous, as well as the overhanging parts of the mountain, that he was afraid of both the visitors and their guide being injured, if not killed.

The day, however, was so remarkably balmy, that he felt strengthened by every breath of fresh air : he therefore thought he would venture for once to tell the strangers what he knew of these wonders of nature. He took Sam with him that he might learn as well as help.

"You see," said he, "this slaty dust : how small it is, and yet what a vast quantity there is of it in different parts ! A very little while ago, this was hard and solid slate. It was then part of the mountain, not exposed to the air ; but when the air met it, all was crumbled and powdered to this dust. If *it could have been contented*" — this he said with

some little humour, that he was sure to indulge on such a comfortable morning — “if it could have been *contented* to remain as it was, it would have continued strong and solid; but it chose to *come abroad* — no offence to you travelling ladies and gentlemen — it chose to come abroad, and then it became broken, and shattered, and we tread it under our feet.”

“But, my good man, said one of the ladies, “you confessed just now that coming abroad this morning has done you much good.” — “It has, thank God,” said David; “but still, if you had not *pressed* me into this *service*” — here tears fell down his withered cheeks, and he seemed deeply affected — “I should have been quite *contented* to stay in my cottage.” The manner of the poor man — his grief when he spoke of being pressed into the service — and the agitation that he felt in concluding the sentence, excited the curiosity of the company. One of the gentlemen, especially, resolved to understand the cause of David’s tears, and said, “I am afraid you have been, at some former time, *pressed* into a very different service.”

While Sam showed the rest some other parts of

the mountain, the gentleman stopped with David, who gave him the outline of his brief history. "I was the lieutenant of the gang that took you away from your hut," said the gentleman: "I admired these rocks when I was here at that time, for a few hours only, and I determined the first opportunity to come again to examine them. I then did my duty as an officer: now will I do my duty as a man. My service as an officer, it appears, did you an injury; my service as a man shall repair the injury as much as possible. Here are five pounds for your present use, and, as your boy seems a sensible well-behaved lad, I will take him into my service."

"I don't know what Sam may wish to do in this matter," said Lowe; "but I cannot take your money, Sir: it would seem as if I want to be paid now for being pressed some years ago. Besides I am quite *contented* without it. Money will do me no good, while all my wants are supplied." The captain, as the gentleman now was, then said, "The money shall not go into my purse again; you *shall* have one of the sovereigns, and the rest shall go to clothe your son for service, whether he serve me or not." — You seem, Sir," said David, "as if you would

press Sam, as you once pressed me : do let the little fellow consent to go. Perhaps, if you had civilly asked me to serve my king and country, I might have been *contented* to do it for a time ; but I forgive you : your honour, I forgive you : you did your duty like a brave man, and I heard you tell your gang to treat me kindly ; and so I was contented."

On returning to Buxton, the officer strove to refresh his memory of the man, and soon remembered that he had been one of the best that he had ever taken. He told the affair to his friends, and they all agreed that something should be done, at least for the boy, with whose good sense and activity the party had been greatly pleased.

The evening of the next day, three of the party went to David's cottage, and the officer asked him if he would let him have the boy. "Sam, your honour, has said he is quite contented to remain where he is ; and I hope he will be the same, if you can persuade him to leave my service for yours."

The boy was taken into the captain's service, and now we must follow him to Bath, where his master lived. The new livery made Sam a smart-looking youth, and he turned out a faithful and diligent ser-

vant, first as a stable boy, and afterwards as footman. In Bath, there is a considerable number of young servants, called liberty boys, who meet together to encourage each other to become independent of their masters. As soon as a new servant boy makes his appearance, they endeavour to get him into their society, and, if he refuses, they render him as uncomfortable as possible. Samuel Lowe, as we must now call him, was first told that a much better place than Captain Romer's could soon be had. I can't help that," said Samuel, "I am quite contented." They then endeavoured to entice him from home on the evenings that his master was out; still his answer was, "I am contented."

Captain Romer had an early opportunity of hearing that Samuel had resisted all their efforts, and the latter wondered who had told him. At last he suspected Mrs. Romer's own maid, a foreign girl, whom she had brought from the continent a year before, when the captain and his lady resided there. Samuel no more wanted his master to know of his contentment at home, than to comply with the enticement of the liberty boys to rove abroad; he therefore said to her mildly, one day, — "What do you

talk to master about me for ? I am contented to do my duty, without being talked about." — " That 's just my father," said the girl, who could very imperfectly speak the English language. " Just your father !" asked Samuel, " why, what do you mean, Susan !" — " I do mean," she said, " my father — always contented — every thing."

Samuel now understood, and asked, " Who is your father, Susan, if it is a fair question ?" — " My father," she said, " is Holland man — you call Dutchman — has good book — always *here*," pointing to her heart. Samuel had heard his father tell of his Dutch friend, but could scarcely think it possible that it was Susan's father : if it be, he thought, what a letter shall I write to *my* father about it ! He asked her a few more questions, scarcely hoping to find that it was as he wished. " Did you ever hear of an English sailor at your father's house — do you remember one being ill there two or three months — can you recollect whether such a man went from your father's house to a ship that was going to the West Indies ?"

At that time Susan was a mere child ; but she ~~thought she~~ could remember hearing her father " say

some things like these." Then she put her hand to her forehead, and said, she "remember drinking poor man's broth." The fact was, little Susan, at three years old, had often taken broth for poor David to drink. Samuel now began to hope that Susan's father had been his father's preserver. He put one more question to her — "do you remember whether a poor English sailor ever promised to send your father something?" — "Yes," she answered, after some pause, "I remember — promise to send — then *not* send — father *wish* not send — not want it."

At that moment, the captain and Mrs. Romer came home, and, in a few minutes, Samuel was called into the parlour. "I have heard," said his mistress, "that you have been seen with the leading liberty boys: is this true?" He confessed that he had; "but," he added, "I shall not go with them again, Ma'am; I don't like them, nor their advice; I am contented at home, Ma'am." — "Perhaps you are, Samuel," she said: "but is not this on Susan's account, more than any other?" Samuel was not confused, because he had no reason: he had never spoken to Susan alone till this evening. Mrs. Romer's suspicion of their attachment had been excited by

Susan's great anxiety to prevent his going with the liberty boys, and had been confirmed by hearing the housemaid say, as she entered, that they had been together nearly an hour.

Samuel requested permission to repeat their conversation, and he did it with a simplicity which won perfect confidence from his mistress and master. "I believe," said Captain Romer, "that your supposition of Susan being that Dutchman's daughter, is right." — "Is it?" cried Samuel, in an ecstasy of joy, "then I shall love her indeed!" — "Stop," said Mrs. R., "I cannot spare so useful a girl, and you are both too young to marry." Marriage had not before entered into Samuel's thoughts: he felt a growing regard for Susan, before he knew who she was; and now he loved her for her father's sake.

"I think I heard her father say," observed Captain R., "that he once had an English sailor at his house very ill — was that your father?" Samuel related all he knew of the affair, and no doubt of the fact remained. "Well," said his master, "we shall go again to the Peak some day, and whenever we do so, Susan and you shall go with us." — "Thank

you, Sir," said Samuel; "if it be while my poor father lives, I shall be contented."

Samuel and Susan now became intimate friends. All that she knew of the English language had been taught her in Mr. Romer's family, and Samuel begged to have the task of finishing her education. He, at the same time, gained considerable knowledge of Dutch; his father had taught him a few words, and Susan added greatly to their number. Captain and Mrs. Romer found them such excellent servants, as well as ardent lovers, that they could not possibly discourage their purpose, at a proper time, to become man and wife.

In little more than two years, Captain Romer took his lady again to Buxton, and fulfilled his promise of taking Samuel and Susan with them. The day after their arrival, the captain and Samuel rode over to Castleton, and found David Lowe alive, but not likely to survive many weeks. The poor man was still contented with his lot: he was in no pain of body or mind. He had heard of Samuel's good character, but not anything of Susan. "Let me," said Captain Romer, "tell him about her."

He first asked him if he did not lodge at the house of a poor, but very kind Dutchman, when he was ill? "As good a man," he said, "as ever was born; oh! that I could once more see him, or any one belonging to him!" — "Had he any children?" said Captain R. "O yes," replied the man, "several sweet girls: one of them, dear creature, used to bring me the little that I was able to eat and drink. I think I see her now, coming into this room, as she used to come into that." — "What was her name?" said Captain R. "Let me see," said David: "I think it was Susan; but what makes you ask me all this? and what are you crying about, Sam? I am contented, lad, and you are well off, and mother and the rest will be taken care off."

"Should you know Susan, David," said Captain R., "if you were now to see her?" — "I dreamed about her t'other night," said David, "and I thought she was coming into the room with some broth, but was so tall that she was obliged to stoop; but no wonder, for, let me see, it is more than fourteen years ago that I was there." The old man was now exhausted.

The next day Mrs. Romer brought Susan to the hut. Captain R. gently told David who she was, and whose wife she was likely to be. David was now overcome with joy: he cried out, "I am contented!" and in a few moments died in peace.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS :

BY ISABEL HILL.

He 's a very good child who will own himself wrong ;
I mean he 's a brave one, and sure of improving ;
And just such a boy is the theme of my song,
Whom, tho' I ne'er saw him, I cannot help loving.

When Harry was little and pretty, (he now
Is a fine, tall, and, what's more, a *worthy* young
man,)
He was oft'ner rewarded than punished ; but how
Did his parents control him ? Nay, guess, if you
can !

Indulgence ne'er spoiled him ; they held him too
dear
To bribe him with toys, or to fright him with
blows :
Yet Harry had causes for hope and for fear,
To him of far greater importance than those.

If steady, obedient, industrious, and mild,
His prize was at night to sit up for Papa;
And if he had been *two* whole days a good child.
He 'd walk in the Park with his darling Mamma!

But if he was naughty, as sometimes he might,
He lost their caresses, so earnestly craved;
And his parents would say, " You 've done wrong :
quit our sight,
Until you resolve to be better behaved !"

The loss of *their* presence, *their* kindness, is pain,
Which, e'en for *worse* faults, well might chastise-
ment prove :
Such penance can ne'er be inflicted in vain
On hearts that, though erring, like Harry's, *still*
love ! —

Who, feeling they had no excuse to offend,
Guess in sorrow and fear what they *ought* to
expect,
Yet read in the eyes of their parent or *friend*,
That, though forced to be *just*, he is *loth* to
correct.

One day, as Mamma Harry's early meal shared,
He forgot that he risked his desert, her fond kiss,
Forgot e'en their walk, altho' drest and prepared,
And, somehow, conducted himself much amiss.

I don't know in *what* way he proved such a sinner —
If 't was humming a tune with his lips to his cup,
Or listlessly playing the fool with his dinner,
Or if 't was too eagerly eating it up ;

Or whether 't was sullenness, mischief, or passion
(The friend who has told me the story ne'er
says) ;

Yet I can't think sweet Harry was wrong in *that*
fashion :

I don't know where *he* could have *learnt* such ill
ways.

His mother cried " Don't ! " — " I shall don't, if I
like ! "

" Obey me, Hal ! wont you ? " — " No. " — *Enter*
Papa,

With tones that smite sharper than birchen rods
strike : —

" *Who* dares, in *this* house, answer *No* to
Mamma ?

"Can that be my Henry? — I'm shocked, sir, I'm grieved!

We *both* are too apt to give *you* your own way:
If you think you can conquer Mamma, you're deceived:

Sit down, and behave like a gentleman, pray!"

But Harry, all blushes, with fast-swelling chest,
And tears in his eyes, which he bent on the floor,
Not daring to utter the thoughts of his breast,
Marched off from the table, and opened the door.

"Come, do as you're bid!" *Pa* said; "give me your hand! —

No humours, I beg; take your seat, child, d'ye hear! —

Still silent? — these airs, love, I don't understand; —

You struggle! — say where are you going, my dear?"

Poor Harry, who dreaded, and knew he deserved
To be banished, there still concientiously stood,
And sobbed forth, at last, by contrition unnerved,

"*I shall turn myself out of the room till I'm good!*"

What followed? O Nature! an exquisite sight: —

“This candour, this courage,” Papa cried with
joy,

“Proves you know you’ve been wrong, and *desire*
to be *right*; —

God bless you! — There, go kiss your mother, my
boy!”

And Harry, they tell me, at eighteen years old,

(May he keep the same heart when that age he
shall double!)

Still knows when he’s wrong — never waits to be
told,

And corrects himself now, to save others the
trouble.

When companions would lead him from study to
stray,

Or he feels a return of his mad, childish mood,
He flies from temptation (for *that’s* the *best* way),
And *turns himself out of the room till he’s*
good!

TRAINING.

I LOVE to think of my early days,
Of my boyhood's pleasant hours,
The time when my childish sports and plays
Engaged my youthful powers.

I love to think of the village school,
Where I learned my A, B, C;
It brings full many a merry scene
Of childhood back to me.

'T was there I learned to spell mamma,
A very useful thing,
There too I often coaxed papa,
To come and hear us sing.

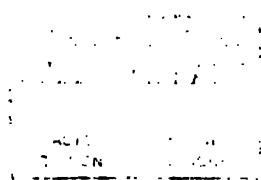
For we had voices clear and sweet,
And we could sing a song,
So gaily and so merrily,
We could the notes prolong.



Il Poggio di

Il Poggio di

Il Poggio di



Our school stood on a little hill,
 Amid a tuft of trees,
 And we could hear the soft winds sigh,
 And see them shake the leaves.

Hard by the school a little stream
 Its rippling waters rolled,
 And thither we would oft repair,
 Before the school bell tolled.

We often played upon its banks
 Clothed in the richest green,
 Threw in our little boats, and saw
 Them float far down the stream.

Our teacher was a brave old soul,
 A patriot's heart had he,
 He 'd fought in many a battle hard
 To set his country free.

And he could show you many a scar,
 He had received in fight;
 He counted each a glorious star,
 That shone with brilliant light.

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TRAINING.



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THE VIOLET.

In one hard battle which he fought,
He lost a lower limb,
His wooden leg, it showed full well,
Where the old man had been.

He loved his country's hallowed ground,
And, to his latest breath,
Was willing in its cause to fight
For liberty or death.

He told us many a story, too,
And filled our minds with war;
We wished to join in glorious fight
That we might boast a scar.

●
But now the trumpet's lofty notes
Sounded no more to arms,
Our country and ourselves were free,
We heard no rude alarms.

Yet often towards the close of day,
Just after school let out,
We used to join in war's array,
And soldier-like turn out.

TRAINING.

The captain of our little band
Was fearless, brave, and true,
He wore a crown upon his head
Of paper white and new ;

He also had a pretty plume ;
White feathers, blue, and red
Composed it, and they gaily waved
Over our captain's head.

He carried in his "red right hand"
A sword of solid tin,
And by his side there hung a sheath
To put the weapon in.

He also wore a woollen sash,
As red as red could be,
And often cried unto his men,
"Attention give to me."

A charger, too, our captain had,
He used to ride upon ;
His charger was another boy
Full two feet taller grown.

Our captain had a rusty fork
Fastened to either heel,
And when the charger went too slow,
These spurs he let him feel.

Our captain, when he ordered "march,"
His men did straight obey,
Three excellent musicians were
In front, and led the way.

One had an old tin coffee-pot,
And one a powder horn,
The other had a fiddle, made
Of a thick stalk of corn.

And next the banner-bearer came,
All dressed in blue and white ;
The banner was a handkerchief,
A very pretty sight.

And then came all our soldier boys
Equipped like fighting men,
Our muskets were of tin and wood
And might be used again.

Our caps were very beautiful,
 Of large newspapers made,
 And pasted o'er with pictures all,
 Their beauty thus to aid.

Our plumes were very pretty, too,
 Of feathers purely white,
 All taken from a flock of geese,
 We conquered in a fight.

One carried, too, a wooden axe,
 For purposes well known,
 But, though it was a heavy thing,
 He uttered ne'er a groan.

We marched around the village small,
 Various adventures had,
 And every thing we saw conspired
 To make us all feel glad.

At length we reached the village school,
 Met our old teacher there,
 Disbanded, went unto the brook,
 Drank, and forgot all care.

THE VIOLET.

We then each hied us to our homes,
Each other bade "good-bye,"
And, ready for the next turn-out,
Our soldier clothes laid by.

J. B. L.

THE PICTURE:

BY MRS. MOODIE.

"I CANNOT part with that picture, Florence," said Ludovico Arretti to his wife, after she had been urging him for some time to part with a fine painting by Annibale Carracci.

"It would fetch a better price than the rest," said his wife, with a sigh. "Ah, Ludovico! when we want bread, it is time to suppress these fine feelings."

"Let us trust in Providence, and all will yet be well." — "It has provided for our necessities in that picture," returned Florence, "the sale of which would free us from all our difficulties."

Ludovico folded his arms, and looked long and earnestly upon the picture. The tears swelled in his eyes. He hastily brushed them away, and said, *in a softened tone*, — "Florence, it shall be sold:

THE VIOLET.

I will take the necessary steps to-morrow ; and so, *mia cara*, give us something to eat."

They sat down in silence to their scanty meal. Arretti's heart was too full to eat. After making several ineffectual attempts, he turned from the table and drew his chair to the fire. His son, an amiable lad of fourteen, placed his stool close to his father, took his hand, and looked anxiously up in his face.

"You weep, papa ; the prospect of selling that picture distresses you. Is it so much better than all the rest?"

"Yes, my boy ; but it is not alone the value of the picture, as a work of art, that makes me so reluctant to sell it. Listen to me, Carlo ; I will tell you the history of that painting, which is so strangely connected with that of your own family, that it cannot fail to interest you." The Italian then proceeded in the following strain.

My father was the son of a rich jeweller
and was early apprenticed

same business. Julio Arretti possessed an elegant mind, and a great taste for the fine arts, both of which he endeavoured to cultivate to the best of his ability — secretly, however, for Signor Arretti had an eye to the main chance, and like most prudent men, rather wished to see his son distinguished for his wealth than for his literary talents. Anxious to shine in the world, Julio pursued his studies during those hours which should have been devoted to sleep. This lasted for some years, till the young artist produced a picture which so elated and puffed him up with vanity, that he must needs exhibit it to all his acquaintance. His mother was delighted with this astonishing proof of her son's genius; but Signor Arretti, after viewing the performance for some time, with sovereign contempt exclaimed, — "Is it of this daub you are so much enamoured? If I have not grown marvellously near-sighted I should pronounce it only worthy of being suspended over some petty house of entertainment by the road-side."

Julio was too proud of his painting, and too choleric, not to take an affront so pointedly levelled *against his genius*. He could not — or rather, my

dear boy, he would not — overcome his indignation : he flung off the yoke of painful obedience, abandoned his home, and became a pensioner upon the bounty of a neglectful world. Poverty and ruin were the result of this rash and criminal step ; for Julio never gained that celebrity as an artist which his talents deserved. Signor Arretti left his wealth to strangers ; and his son continued to toil in obscurity to maintain a large family of small children, of which I was the eldest, and inherited my father's taste for polite literature.

Julio repented of his folly, when it was too late to be remedied, and sighed for the possession of that wealth which, in the wild romance of youth, he had rejected with scorn. The art which fascinated him so much when carried on by stealth, lost much of its attraction when he was forced to pursue it to earn his daily bread. In this state of mind and feeling he was invited by a house-painter to assist him in colouring some apartments in the Farnese Palace ; and necessity compelled the young artist gladly to accept the offer.

In this splendid receptacle of the works of many

eminent painters, all Julio's enthusiasm for the arts revived ; and every moment that he could steal from his abhorred task was spent in the picture-gallery. Here, lost in delightful visions of the genius of past ages, he formed a thousand wild dreams of future glory and advancement. He sighed to behold one of his own pictures gracing those princely walls, and, forgetful of his present poverty, imagined that the period when this ambitious wish should be gratified was not so very distant. There was one painting, however, which most engrossed his attention, and before which he lingered of an evening till the shades of twilight concealed it from his view: it is this identical picture on which we are now gazing, which realised all his ideas of harmony and beauty.

The Prince of Farnese was a proud man, but a great lover of the arts ; and walking every day through the gallery, he was amused by the devotion of the young painter, and the statute-like position in which, night after night, he found him before Annibale's picture.

" You admire that painting, young man," he said

one evening, abruptly addressing the enamoured student.

“Your Excellency, I feel it !”

The Prince smiled at his enthusiasm. “Tell me, Signor, what you think of this,” putting his hand at the same time on the head of his only son, a most beautiful child, whom he held against his knee with paternal pride and tenderness.

Struck with the uncommon appearance of the little Prince, Julio cried out in an ecstasy, “’T is Nature’s master-piece !”

“Take him for your model, young painter ; and if you succeed in procuring a likeness, I will give you a hundred gold crowns, and the picture a place in this gallery.”

Overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, Julio could only sink at the Prince’s feet, and murmur in incoherent sounds his grateful thanks. The next day he was conducted by one of the Prince’s gentlemen to a pleasant room, which communicated with the garden, furnished with the needful apparatus ; and the lovely child was brought, and seated on a *gold-fringed cushion* before him. Anxious as Julio

was to succeed in the work he had undertaken, the beauty and playfulness of the boy often diverted his attention from the canvas, and he laid aside the pencil to press him in his arms, and load him with caresses. By thus entering into the sports, and studying the character, of the little Prince, Arretti succeeded in obtaining the peculiar expression which gave the greatest charm to his face. The likeness was perfect ; it only wanted motion to convince the spectator that it lived : — there was the rosy mouth with all its dimpled sweetness ; the velvet cheek ; the deep azure eyes, laughing from beneath their long silken lashes ; and the white temples gleaming like alabaster from among his golden locks. Rubens never drew such a head among all his cherubs — Rubens never had such a model.

Julio was delighted with the work of his own hands : he touched, and retouched, and lingered on every feature, loth to part with the portrait and the beautiful original : the Prince was not to see the picture till it was completed. Arretti was busy giving the finishing strokes : the doors that led into the garden were open, and the child was playing

about the room, when the voice of the Prince was heard on the lawn below, calling, in playful tones, to his son. The child bounded down the steps of the terrace like a young fawn ; and, running with all speed towards the spot where his father stood, he passed too near the margin of the fountain, lost his balance, and was precipitated with violence into the spacious marble basin. A cry, a fearful cry, burst from the lips of the distracted father, — “ My son ! — my only son ! ” It reached the ears of Arretti — the next moment he was at the Prince’s side, in another had lifted the lovely boy out of the basin : but what the waters could not have effected in so brief a period of time, the blow against the hard stone had accomplished : — the beautiful heir of that splendid domain, the child of so many prayers, hopes, and promises, was already numbered with the dead.

My father wept. The Prince was torn from the body of his son, and led from the spot in a state of mental abstraction. Julie packed up the painting, and returned to his humble home overwhelmed with *grief*.

It was some days before the artist could summon sufficient resolution to look upon the picture. My mother wished to see it; and with a trembling hand my father removed the envelopes. When the beautiful face smiled upon him with all the reality of life, he sighed and turned away: we all gathered round the table;—exclamations of surprise and admiration burst from our lips. “How lovely he is!” cried one: “What a face!” said another: “What eyes! What lips!”—“So beautiful, and so soon dead!” said my dear mother, wiping her eyes with the corner of her muslin apron: “this is not the portrait of a human creature, but the face of an angel!”

“Let me, too, look at the picture,” said a deep touching voice, which made us all start and draw instinctively back.

“It is the Prince,” said my father, as a tall majestic man joined himself to our group. We retreated from the table with feelings of deep respect, occasioned less by the high rank of our visitor than by the magnitude of his misfortune. I was but a boy, Carlo: *but I never shall forget the expression of that noble*

mourner's countenance whilst gazing upon the portrait of his son. For a long time he continued to examine it with stillness and composure; but what appeared to us calmness, was the intensity of grief too deep to reach the surface: at length his features relaxed, his lips quivered, the veins rose like cords upon his temples, and the big tears fell fast upon the canvas.

My father motioned to us to leave the room; but not a foot stirred: at length my mother led out the little ones, and I retreated into a corner to watch the close of this sad scene. The Prince, finding himself alone, drew near Arretti, and, grasping his hand firmly, said, —

“Signor Arretti, in that picture you have restored to me my son: had not Heaven decreed otherwise, your prompt assistance would have placed him warm and breathing into these arms. God has taken away the desire of my eyes, for I loved him too well; but when I look upon this exquisite portrait, memory will recall the original, and I shall no longer feel myself a childless and widowed man. Place the picture in my gallery, and to-morrow I will amply

reward the artist." — Before my father could express his thanks, the Prince had quitted the apartment.


In the evening, Julio placed the portrait in the splendid gallery, but with feelings very different from those which had given rise to the ambitious wish of beholding one of his own works suspended there : though his desire was so soon gratified, there was no joy in the artist's heart.

The next morning the Prince's house-steward waited upon my father, and presented him with a purse of a thousand gold crowns, and Annibale Carracci's picture, which had been the idol of his imagination : at the back of the canvas these words were traced in the donor's hand : — " To Julio Arretti, as a slight token of gratitude for the service he vainly rendered to a bereaved father !"

My father was deeply affected by this proof of the Prince's esteem ; and the picture acquired a tenfold value from the circumstances connected with it. Arretti did not long enjoy the patronage of his noble friend : the Prince died shortly after ; and Julio, having, like most of his fraternity, made small provision *for the future*, and unable to obtain work in Italy, de-

terminated to try his fortune in London. He sold every thing he could convert into money, but this picture, on the exhibition of which he depended for support on his first arrival in England. He embarked, with all his family, on board a trading vessel, on the 4th of September : and we had a very pleasant voyage till within sight of our destined port, when the equinoctial gales suddenly set in with unusual violence. A heavy storm succeeded ; and, in spite of the exertions of the crew, the vessel was wrecked off Falmouth, and the lives of the passengers saved with the greatest difficulty, before the ship sunk.

We, of course, lost every thing, but fifty gold crowns, which my father carried about him in case of any accident. Thus scantily provided, we reached London ; and Julio procured a mean lodging for his family in an obscure street. The loss of the picture he prized so highly, cast such a damp upon my father's spirits that it brought on a nervous fever ; and he was unable, with his pencil, to supply us with the necessaries of life. He had early instructed my sisters and myself in the technicalities of his art ; *and, though our pieces were merely copies from the*



masters, and consisted of heads and single figures, they were finished neatly, and in a manner which did credit to our tender years. Our father's malady increased, and our small funds were nearly exhausted; and my sister Laura and I determined to paint a few chimney ornaments, and offer them for sale, at a moderate price, in the public streets. We soon produced some natural and tolerably well-painted figures, which Laura neatly arranged in an open basket; and I daily took my stand in one of the chief thoroughfares. It was not long before my small venture attracted observation; and I returned home with an empty basket and a full purse. For some months I continued this traffic with success, till the death of my father deprived me of the means of procuring materials, and reduced my poor mother to a state of despair.

At this critical juncture it pleased God to put it into our landlady's heart, a kind motherly woman, to assist us. She had, for many years, been house-keeper in the family of the Marquis of L —, and was highly respected by that distinguished nobleman, *who was a great lover and patron of the arts.*

Mrs. Longley drew up a petition, stating, in simple language, our distressed condition, not forgetting to speak, in very high terms, of the talents of the poor orphans whom Providence had thrown upon her care. I remember standing beside the worthy woman while she drew up this memorial, and, as she read aloud every word as she composed it, thinking it the prettiest and most moving tale I had ever heard ; for I was not sufficiently master of the English language, though I could speak it pretty fluently, to be able to judge grammatically of any composition either in prose or verse.

Mrs. Longley's son was my Lord's valet ; and through his influence the good woman easily obtained permission to present me, one morning, during breakfast, to the Marquis. Many were Mrs. Longley's admonitions to me on this eventful morning, such as — “ Now, mind me, Ludovico, and hold up your head like a young gentleman, and make a nice bow at the door, and then walk two or three paces forward with a genteel air, and make another bow to my Lord, and then one to my Lady ; and, when my Lord asks you

any questions, don't stare about you, but keep your eyes modestly fixed upon the ground."

I promised obedience, took the petition, carefully folded up in an outer sheet of white paper, and, with a beating heart, followed my conductor. I believe I acquitted myself with tolerable ease, on my introduction to the nobleman and his lady: and the Marquis received my petition very graciously, and the Marchioness gave me an encouraging smile.

The Marquis seemed much amused by the petition; and, after he had finished the perusal, he turned to me, and said: "You are the son of an Italian painter: from what part of Italy do you come?"

I heard, but returned no answer: — my eyes were riveted upon a picture which hung over the mantelpiece; nor could I pay attention to any thing else. "Yes!" I exclaimed, in my native language; "it is the same — the very same — it is my father's lost picture: but how came it here?"

The Marquis understood Italian; and, surprised at the exclamation, he replied in the same language, "You are mistaken, my good boy: that picture, though it came oddly enough into my possession, is

an original painting by Annibale Carracci, which never could have belonged to a poor artist like your father."

"Ah, Signor!" I replied, my eyes filling with tears, "that picture was given by the Prince Farnese to my father for endeavouring to save the life of his son: the vessel in which we came to England was unfortunately wrecked, and the loss of that picture broke my father's heart. I know not by what miracle it is here; but the powers of memory must cease before I forget that picture."

The Marquis was convinced, by the earnestness of my manner, that there was more in my statement than could be gathered from a few broken sentences. He, therefore, requested me, while he and his lad took their breakfast, to relate to him all I knew about the picture. I instantly complied, and told him the same story which I have just communicated to you. He was much interested in the recital; and, when concluded, he ordered two of his footmen to take down the picture, and examine the back part of the canvas, to ascertain if the writing, of which I spoke, corresponded with my relation. Finding that

he took my hand and said, "The picture is yours, Ludovico; nor will I withhold from you what is so justly your due. Some months ago a vessel picked up a flat deal box at sea, opposite an estate of mine, upon the coast: and the captain, being ignorant of the value of paintings, out of compliment, presented it to me." — He paused, and, looking at me very attentively, said, "Did you ever hear your father name any particular sum as the value of the picture?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "he would not have parted with it, out of his family, for untold gold. But we are poor — we must sell it!"

"I will manage that matter for you," said the Marquis; "the picture shall be put up to public auction, when it will fetch its full value: so go home, and comfort your mother; and I will let you know the result in a few days."

He put two guineas into my hand; and I went home, so full of joy that I could only fling myself into my mother's arms, exclaiming, "I have found the picture!"

"What picture?"

“The one we lost at sea.”

My mother smiled and shook her head most incredulously; but I soon recovered myself sufficiently to give a distinct account of all that had passed at L —— House: and her joy, if any thing, exceeded my own.

“Who will doubt, in future, the goodness of that gracious Providence,” she said, “who so marvelously provides for the children of the distressed?”

A few days after this adventure, the kind Marquis called upon us in person, and put into my mother’s lap a draft for four hundred pounds; the sum for which the picture had sold. My mother would have sunk at his feet; but he prevented her.

“The picture,” he said, “was the reward of a good action — it ought to be an heir-loom in your family. I purchased it that I might enjoy the pleasure of bestowing it upon your son. The painting is in the next room: keep it Ludovico, for my sake, and believe that an English nobleman feels as much satisfaction as an Italian prince in rewarding honest merit.”

"This, my dear boy, is the history of the picture," said Arretti, again looking anxiously upon it. "Do you wonder at my regret in parting with such a memorial?"

"Dear papa, you must not sell it!"

"It is the path of duty, my son; whilst I am in debt, Carlo, I cannot honestly keep what is money's worth."

As he finished speaking, Carlo rose to answer a knock at the door, and announced Colonel Grant, a gentleman who owed the artist a large sum of money, and whom he supposed to be abroad.

"Arretti," said the officer, "I am come at last to pay my debts; what do I owe you for that splendid landscape of Tivoli?"

"Fifty guineas," said Arretti, his wan cheek flushing to crimson.

"I suppose you thought I never meant to pay you," said the gay officer. "My uncle is just dead, has left me a fine fortune; and I can afford to encourage the arts." He laid the draft for the money upon the table. "Arretti, you must paint *me a companion* for Tivoli, and get it done as soon

as possible. As to Annibale Carracci, I suppose you don't mean to part with that idol?"

"Not whilst I can get bread without," said the delighted Arretti, viewing the picture with greater pride than ever.

"Well, well, Ludovico, I do not blame you," said the Colonel, laughing; "but when you are reduced to starvation, you will know where to find a customer."

When the Colonel left the house, Arretti turned to his son with a countenance bright with hope, as he said, "See, my dear boy! Providence never forsakes those who are true to themselves:—the picture is still ours, and we have many happy days in store!"

CHORUS.

THE dance is merry to-night, I ween,
In Gonsalvo's hall of pride —
Why loves not Inez the festive scene?
Why leaves her father's side?

She has gone to muse in her lonely bower —
What scroll is on the floor?
Ah! my First she does in that silent hour;
For she reads it o'er and o'er.

She reads it o'er and o'er again,
Till each dear word she knows;
And she tries to hide the joy in vain,
Which her laughing eyes disclose.

—What may that sound of footsteps mean?
Who breaks on her retreat?
Ah! my Second has not fruitless been —
The writer is at her feet.

He has fondly sought her in hall and tower,
And anxious his search has proved,
Till now at last in her lonely bower
He has found his own beloved.

My tale of rapture is well nigh done —
They have met, no more to part;
Nor need I tell, how my Whole she won
O'er his young and noble heart.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD:

BY ISABEL HILL.

**AH ! five-and-twenty years ago,
How well that name I used to know !
I see the volume still :
Its cover, gold and purple bright,
Its daubs, its nonsense, yet delight
My memory, 'gainst my will.**

**Little Red Riding-Hood ! the sound
Hath borne me back to holy ground,
And years of stainless glee ;
I 'm in the nursery once more,
And choose a tale from out the store
My sister hoards for me.**

**O'er Goody 'Two-Shoes' *turn-up* book,
Oft mine adventurous head I shook,
And, lisping, used to say,**

THE VIOLET.

"Rather than teach those brats, I own--
I'd walk through *fifty* woods alone,
And meet a wolf a day !"

Then, trembling for my future years,
Dear Mary, laughing through her tears,
Would reason with her Bell;
"Which most becomes a maid," she 'd ask,
"To fail in such romantic task,
Or do plain duties well ?

"Your favourite, though sent with speed
To her poor grandmother, must need
There loiter with a stranger ;
Trust him with all her thoughts, and stay
To gather flowerets by the way,
Her friends, herself in danger !

"No, darling ! if you can be brave,
Be it your kind to serve and save,
Which more is in your power,
Upon the Goody Two-Shoes plan,
Than by thus chattering with man,
Who, wolf-like, may devour.

"Where'er you roam make God your guide,
And all your parents may confide
Obediently respect :
Be prompt on offices of love,
Nor let the sighs of age reprove
One moment's wild neglect !"

Such was *my* childhood's lore. To-day
The Sister Arts, with taste, purvey
Spring buds from Wisdom's bowers.
High task to rear them for the young,
To teach the unpolluted tongue
'The sweets of Virtue's flowers !

THE BLOCK HOUSE.

I LOVE dearly to see,
Little children agree,
And always perform what is right ;
There 's nothing to me,
Can lovelier be,
Or give me such perfect delight.

Joseph Henry Artoy
Was a dear little boy,
His brothers were William and John ;
A sister had he,
Called Emma was she,
By her oft in his coach he was drawn.

One bright summer's day,
Emma went out to play,
In a garden where sweet roses bloomed ;

The daisy was there,
And lily so fair,
And flowers the garden perfumed:

She hoped she might find,
Here her brothers so kind,
Who with their loved sister would play ;
When she found they were not,
In that sweet garden spot,
She turned and bent homeward her way.

As she sauntered along,
Chanting some pretty song,
All under the leaf-covered trees ;
The little birds too,
From branch to branch flew,
And carolled their notes on the breeze.

She heard the sweet sound,
And oft looked around,
The fair little warblers to see,
A linnet and thrush
On a blackberry bush,
She spied, which seemed happy as she.

For a moment she stopped,
When the birds quickly hopped,
From the bush, where they sat, to the ground,
And in one moment more,
Far away did they soar,
And there could no longer be found.

Home she then hurried on,
Reached the step, thereupon,
She found her three brothers at play ;
John with blocks well supplied
Little Joseph, who tried
And built houses in less than a day.

'To her brothers she said,
" You to find I was led
To the garden, but there you were not ;
The merry birds sung
The green trees among
And rendered enchanting the spot.

" For a moment I staid,
And, enjoying the shade
Of a peach tree, whose blossoms were out,

I cast my eyes round
On the trees and the ground
And saw the birds hopping about.

“I am sorry that you
Did not see the birds too,
So happy they were and so gay ;
Yet why should I grieve ?
I can truly perceive,
You're as gay and as happy as they.

“ Little Joseph I see,
He is full of his glee,
And much his employment enjoys ;
He is pure, little dove,
As the white clouds above,
And nothing his pleasure annoys.”

“ Him we all try to please,
And we never him tease,”
William said to his sister most dear ;

“ And let us all now
Little Josey show how
To build with the blocks he has here.”

J. B. L.

TEMPERANCE.

It would be droll if Temperance Societies which are now so numerous as to be almost fashionable, if not almost popular, were to profess the general object which their name denotes — to preserve men from violent passion, and keep them cool and calm in every pursuit. How we should smile at some such advertisement as this — “A public meeting will be held on an early day, to be hereafter fixed, for the formation of a society to produce sedateness, moderation, and patience !” Yet such are plain and obvious meanings of the word Temperance. But the societies which call themselves by this name are for promoting sobriety, and thus restrict the meaning of the word to moderate drinking, without extending its application to moderate eating, or moderate gratification of any other kind. Temperance, then, *in the modern sense of the word, signifies soberness*

— freedom from intoxication — a careful and healthful use of liquors, that would otherwise inflame the brain, and produce drunkenness. This is the sense in which the word is used in the present story.

An English family, several years ago, went from London to South America, and resided first at Potosi, then at Cusco, and finally at Lima. The family consisted, on its leaving this kingdom, of only two infant children and their parents; and it is somewhat remarkable, that an additional couple was born at each of the American cities; so that at last they amounted to eight, which we believe are still alive. The first two must now be grown to maturity; and the younger are nearly in regular succession of ages, from fourteen to four years.

Their father went out in a subordinate office under the British government; but he soon obtained a higher, and afterwards a still higher station, till he became one of the consuls appointed by this country on its acknowledgment of the independence of the South American States. He had only one material fault, but that frequently involved him in considerable difficulty, and, but for his better qualities, would

have deprived him of his office and support. It was the habit of intoxication, first confined to a late hour in the evening, but gradually strengthening, till it appeared in earlier, and at length in the earliest hours of the day.

For several years, while his children were few and young, their mother was able to conceal from them this blemish of his character; but as they increased in number and years, she could no longer do so. It had been a source of grief to her before, but now her misery became extreme, and she saw nothing but ruin before them, unless some means could be devised to reform her husband, whom she tenderly loved, from this destructive vice.

A strange and serious event occurred during their abode at Potosi, which, some little time afterwards, seemed likely to accomplish her wish. At first it was terribly threatening to both of them — to their reputation, their liberty, and even their life : but this danger over, it appeared likely for several weeks to produce the desired effect of sobering Mr. Royle's disposition and constitution. They were taking an excursion into the country for a few days ; and at the

approach of the second evening, they stopped the calash in which they travelled, near a low but rather handsome building. It was at the entrance of a wood, and appeared a respectable house of refreshment; they therefore made no hesitation in asking to be accommodated for a single night.

Their request was answered in bad Spanish, by a man whom they took for the servant of the inn. He smiled, and invited them to a comfortable room, where he offered to furnish whatever they wanted. While they were taking some refreshment, as they thought in perfect safety, several drunken and boisterous Spaniards — rather half Spanish and half Peruvian — arrived at the house, and staggered shouting into an inner apartment. In a few minutes they heard a loud whispering, and some of the men seemed to leave the house. Mr. Royle became a little alarmed, and proceeded softly towards the apartment they had left. Looking into every corner of it, he saw most fearful proofs of danger. Fire-arms were scattered all about. Two of the men were completely drunk — one staggering against the

wall, and the other lying under the table ; but both ~~passed~~ like the well-known banditti of the country !

He was about to recede, when he was pushed back into the room by the servant, and told to remain there at the peril of his life. He began loudly to remonstrate, and then entreat : this brought Mrs. Royle to the spot ; when another man, better dressed, took a rope, and, by the help of his servant, bound them both together, and told them they were his prisoners. " We came here," said Mr. Royle, " with no evil intention, but only as travellers, to obtain refreshment." — " I will take care you do us no injury," said the bandit chief ; " but I much suspect that was your intention, else why did you come at all ? and why, when you came, did you not remain in your proper room ? — Then all might have been well." :

Taking the end of the rope that bound them in his hand, the chief reeled to the table, and falling into a chair he muttered, " I suspect your intention was to poison us, for you looked very hard at this liquor. I must have it examined before I can liberate you ; and if there be poison in the cup, you shall drink

up every drop of it. Here, Vasca," he cried, "taste this liquor, and tell me whether you think any drug has been thrown into it!" But Vasca was by this time lolling against the wall, as insensible as a dead man.

The feelings of the innocent couple at this moment will not admit of description. They could scarcely stir without hurting each other; and to reason with an outlaw more than half drunk appeared a hopeless task. Mr. Royle could have severed the rope with his penknife, but the servant stood sentinel on the threshold, and escape would have been impossible, while the effort might have been fatal. At last, the chief began to feel the deadening effects of the large draughts he had taken, and, sinking into a profound sleep, he dropped the rope, and left the prisoners at the mercy of the servant.

Mr. Royle at first thought of seizing the man by the throat, and forcing a passage from the house; but this was too desperate a purpose, the noise of which might rouse the banditti, and be fatal to every hope of liberty and life. A second thought led him to *attempt conciliation and bribery*. Looking at the

man with a grateful smile, he said, "We are in your power ; release us from this house, and restore to us our calash, and you shall be rewarded by a better servitude in our family !" The man shook his head, in evident doubt of the promise and dread of the attempt.

"Are you a married man?" asked Mr. Royle. "I have been married," the man answered, "and deeply lament the loss of a virtuous wife."

"Have you any children?" Mr. Royle asked. "I have three fine boys," answered the man.

"We have twice the number," said Mrs. Royle, "and if you feel for yours what must we feel for ours ! Yours have lost only their mother, but ours are in danger of losing both their parents. Release us, and you shall take care of ours, while we will provide for yours."

This appeal, uttered in a strained whisper, yet with great tenderness, was too much for the feeling of the man. A tear started in his eye : he wished to be in more safe and honourable servitude : he had been attracted hither by habit, the excesses of which had conquered itself. Looking back to see if all

safe, and forward to be sure that his masters were really insensible, he gently cut the rope, and told his prisoners to follow him. He then went to his box, and took a brace of pistols and a bag of money — “These will defend us,” he whispered; “and this I have saved for my children.” — “Remove the calash,” said Mr. Royle, “to some distance, and then let us lock the door, and walk towards it.” They did so, and, by the light of a full moon, they arrived safe at a small town called Raches, just as the people were opening their houses.

The next day they took a shorter and safer road back to Potosi, and found no reason to repent the strange and sudden hiring of their new servant. “And how came you, Silvas,” said Mr. Royle, “to be the servant of banditti?” — “I never should have served them,” answered the man, “if it had not been for the accursed love of liquor; but nine weeks’ living with them has completely cured me.”

“How,” asked Mr. Royle, “did the love of liquor occasion you to horde with such fellows?” — “They met me,” the man said, “at a drinking-house at *Behan*, and finding me tipsy, they persuaded me that

much better liquor could be had at their hut ; and, by keeping me drunk for several days, they made me afraid of going back to my old master, who thinks I am dead, because he has not heard of me so long."

On further inquiry Mr. Royle discovered that he knew something of the old master of Silvas ; he therefore thought it right to send some account of his safety before he finally agreed to retain him. His place was well supplied at Vehan, and his master sent back a good character of him ; so that he was engaged most cheerfully to follow the fortunes of Mr. Royle, who expected soon to be raised to a higher post at Cusco.

Mr. Royle had several young slaves, and Silvas was set over them: the entire superintendence of their work and wages was committed to him. They had been accustomed, sometimes two or three together, to attend their master at his houses of evening resort ; and they generally had to support him home, and conduct him to the door of his bedroom ; where they left him to the more careful charge of Mrs. Royle, who always sat up to receive him. His drunken notions afforded the slaves considerable

entertainment ; and though they dared not laugh in his presence, they laughed the more with each other afterwards. When the door of their own sleeping apartment was shut, and they ought to have been stretched upon their mats, they were often dancing, and imitating in their motions the reeling and hiccuping of their master, as he came from his evening's revel. Their first experiments were so exciting, that they agreed upon the invention of an entirely new dance, which should receive their master's name, and embrace the most laughable movements of his tipsy hours.

Months had passed on in this manner before *Silvas* entered the family ; and the poor slaves, unconscious of evil, had opened for themselves a new source of delight, by as exact an imitation as possible of *Mr. Royle's* most ridiculous attitudes. But the events that brought *Silvas* into the house, and especially his conversion, by the excesses of the banditti, to a sober course of life, induced *Mr. Royle* to think of reforming himself ; and for some time he was more temperate than at any former period of his life. *Mrs. Royle* rejoiced beyond measure at this change, and

became the more attached to Silvas, because he had been the means of effecting it. But the slaves were sadly disappointed: not only were they deprived of the opportunity they before enjoyed, of sipping a little of the liquor their master had left, when they waited for him at the *casa*; but their dancing began to lose all its interest. They had no fresh movements — no new reels, and turnings, and tumbles, to introduce; and even those they had before imitated so well and so often, now lost their interest, because they had no longer the sanction of their master's example.

"You are not so merry as you were when I first came here," said Silvas one day to his young and swarthy charge. "I hope you are not dissatisfied with your new master. I am not hard upon you, that I know of, and you shall not find me disposed to abridge your merriment. The submissive little fellows confessed they were not so mirthful as formerly: but they were afraid to complain of it as a calamity still more to murmur at Silvas, as one whom they suspected, at least, to have been the chief cause of for they had, in many other respects, begun to

the benefit of his mild and kind superintendence. Still they would not have been sorry for their master to return, now and then at least, to his former indulgence and intemperance; and when he afterwards did so they said to each other — “ Now we are quite happy, for Silvas makes our work very light, and master makes us very merry when the work is over.”

The immediate cause of Mr. Royle's return to his old evening's pleasures, was rather remarkable: it would seem much more likely to produce an opposite effect. It occurred soon after his first advance, and his consequent removal from Potosi to Cusco. Two or three British naval officers, who had served on the South American coast, and become somewhat known in the country, were now residing with their young wives at Cusco, upon half-pay. Upon the arrival of Mr. Royle and his family in that place, they were anxious to be permitted to pay their respects to them, and appear to the natives to be upon terms of friendship with them. This, however, was discouraged — by Mr. Royle, because he was *ambitious of higher advancement, and felt himself*

already, as a British commissioner, above the rank of poor and young lieutenants, whose half-pay was hardly sufficient decently to maintain them — and by Mrs. Royle, through the fear that they would lead her husband back to his former habits, and tempt him again to spend his evenings from home.

To be revenged for this insult upon their honour, the officers resolved upon annoying the commissioner's family, as far as they could do it with safety to themselves. Among other methods of annoyance, they strolled out, with their wives and sisters, in the night, and disturbed their sleep by singing under their windows some songs in favour of British liberty and independence; and one song especially, extolling the British naval service above all other professions and pursuits. This was repeated several times, until what was at first tolerated, and afterwards forgiven, at length became a serious disturbance, which Mr. Royle resolved to suppress.

"Silvas," said he, "I am weary of these songs, especially as I now find they are intended to insult me. Sleep to-night in the next room to mine, and if the sailors come again, let us fire over their heads."

and frighten them out of their songs if not out of their senses — which might be as impossible as to blow some men's brains out."

"I understand you, Sir," answered Silvas, "because these wild fellows have no senses to be frightened away, just as some men have no brains to be blown out."

"Right, Silvas," said Mr. Royle; "and that we may frighten the sailors and their lasses without hurting them, do you get the carbines ready, and, if you put in any thing but powder, let it be a little small and harmless shot."

"I have some capital powder and shot for the purpose," replied Silvas, "that I brought from my late master's store; and you shall for once hear its fine report, and see what very little mischief can be done by a very great explosion, and a very loud noise."

The plan was settled, and Mr. Royle and Silvas waited for the arrival of the enemy. The latter came about midnight, and for the first time commenced their noise by the most offensive song. They were in the middle of their loudest strains, when Mr. Royle

showed himself in his night habiliments, more like a ghost than a man, at his chamber window. He began calling out, — “Thieves! Silvas! Silvas! Thieves!” and at the same moment fired just over the offenders’ heads. Silvas then appeared at the next window, a rather better-looking ghost than his master; and, as the sailors and their lasses were falling or fleeing at his fire, he pointed his carbine, which he had not taken the trouble to load even with powder, towards one of the most noisy nearest the house, and threatened to shoot him dead upon the spot; while the dog, let loose for the purpose, caught him by the leg, and held him roaring for mercy.

“I say, Mr. Commissioner,” cried the chief officer, on meeting Mr. Royle a day or two after, “your conduct was too bad the other night: my wife has been ill with the fright ever since, and I don’t know what may be the consequence.”

“If the consequence be no more annoyance to me and my family from your bad singing,” said Mr. Royle, “my object will be gained. I wish not to hurt a hair of your head, and, as for your wife

Mrs. Royle has told me of her fright — the just reward of her imprudence : yet any alleviation that our house can furnish shall be available for her."

"But, Sir," said the officer, "I must yet ask whether some apology for the alarm of the ladies ought not to be made? as for us sailors, we are strangers to fear, and have therefore received no injury."

"We will talk over the matter somewhere else," answered Mr. Royle; "at present I am particularly engaged."

"At the Casna in the evening, then," said the officer — "shall we meet there, and bury all in some teneriffe?"

To get the commissioner once more there was the favourite object of the officers, and some other frequenters of the place, who had been offended at his turning his back upon them. In an evil moment, Mr. Royle consented, and, having done so, he thought his honour involved in paying the dangerous place a single visit more. "It will be but for once," he said to Mrs. Royle, as he was endeavouring to silence her

remonstrance, "and you shall see me before midnight, as sober as I leave you."

She scarcely trusted him, nor was he worthy, in such an affair, of being trusted. He returned an hour after midnight, upheld by a couple of his slaves, and too far gone to profit by her tenderest reproofs. Before sleep had sobered or left him, his presence was required by several important messages of office; and, but for the skill and service of Silvas, great inconvenience to the public would have sprung from the intemperance of this single night. He carefully concealed the cause, while he strove as diligently to remedy the effects.

As he applied to his anxious mistress, for the fourth or fifth time, to know when the commissioner would appear in his office, she said with tears, "What shall we do to check this sad evil before it has again become confirmed?" The discreet servant would not have wounded her feelings by the least mention of the slaves' rejoicing, had he not hoped that the circumstance might be brought to operate favourably upon Mr. Roy himself.

Silvas had thought of this before. When he witnessed the dancing of the slaves, and particularly when he heard their master's name given to a dance composed of his tipsy movements, he reflected, "If my master were not now reformed, a sight of this would surely reform him." Now, therefore, that he needed a second reformation, this appeared to be the most promising expedient for effecting it.

"Madam," said Silvas, "could my master have seen the effect of his last night's conduct upon the young slaves under my care, it would surely have made him resolve to amend."

"What!" asked Mrs. Royle, "did those poor creatures lament his intemperance? Then how must I mourn over folly and vice that render him an object of pity to his own slaves?"

"I allude not to lamentation, madam," said Silvas; "but rejoicing." He then proceeded, at her request, to describe the conduct of the slaves; not, he said, to distress her, or to disgrace him; but in the hope that he might know of the reproach, and that it might determine him to avoid it.

"Ah, Silvas!" she said, "this is only a new feature of what has been too familiar to me already.

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She scarcely trusted him, nor was he worthy, in such an affair, of being trusted. He returned an hour after midnight, upheld by a couple of his slaves, and too far gone to profit by her tenderest reproofs. Before sleep had sobered or left him, his presence was required by several important messages of office; and, but for the skill and service of Silvas, great inconvenience to the public would have sprung from the intemperance of this single night. He carefully concealed the cause, while he strove as diligently to remedy the effects.

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drowned !" she cried. My affection for my husband, and his regard for me, will be buried in the ocean !" The sound of her own voice awoke her, and the impression left by the dream was most painful.

A plan was ingeniously framed by Silvas, to enable Mr. Royle to witness, as it were by accident, the use that his slaves were making of his example — the mirth into which they delighted to turn his intemperance. When he entered the office, about noon, Silvas was absent, having gone to tell the slaves that they might amuse themselves in their own room the remainder of the day ; and, if they did it quietly, might enjoy their favourite exercise of dancing.

In a few minutes he returned, and found his master extremely anxious about affairs, which returning sobriety enabled him to remember were to be adjusted that morning.

"They are all settled, sir ; and, I hope, to your satisfaction," said Silvas, laying before Mr. Royle papers in proof of the fact.

"Very well," said Mr. Royle, "I am more than satisfied, Silvas ; and, as you have succeeded so ad-

I grieve to say that some of my own children — the very sons of this imprudent father, used to make themselves merry in the same affecting manner. In his former intemperate career, these streaming eyes beheld a dance of two of my dear boys, in which they strove to reel and look as their father did, when wine had stolen away his sense and strength. Even at the children's ball, I saw most painful indications that they had not forgotten these additions to their dance. Indeed, if something be not done, my peace has fled for ever."

There was more reason for this last exclamation than Mrs. Royle deemed it prudent to state, even to a faithful servant. The last sad night had given her but one hour's sleep, and that sleep had been disturbed by a distressing dream. She thought she heard a voice from England telling her to bid adieu at once to felicity and affection, and return to die where she received her birth. On hearing the voice, and before she could answer it, she thought she mounted in the air, and flew over the sea. On getting within sight of Dover Castle, she beheld the little god of love stretched upon his quiver of arrows, and floating upon the waves beneath her. "He will sink and be

than ever," said a third, "and that will be harder for us to do than any thing else."

Ashamed that Mrs. Royle and his sons should witness what was about to take place, he sent them away ; while he beheld the dance through a crevice in the rush partition, behind which he could see and hear all that passed. The dance, with its new improvements, took up nearly half an hour ; but before it was over, he was so completely ashamed of himself, that he returned to the house, a perfect convert to temperance. "That I should have exposed myself," he said to Mrs. Royle, "in this manner, to those poor creatures, is a reproach which breaks my heart. By the help of heaven, I will drink no more !"

A M E L O D Y :

BY N. MICHELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE."

THOU great Supreme ! who gavest birth
To time, and all we know and see !
Are not yon heavens, and this fair earth,
Full of thy wonders and of thee ?
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there ?

When Morn unveils her smiling face,
And hills are revelling all in light,
And woods burst forth in song, we trace
Thy goodness in that full delight,
Adorning earth, as in her prime,
And blessing man, in spite of crime,

The tempest on its wings of gloom,
The rising ocean's hollow dash,
The lowering cloud, from out whose womb,
Mid rolling thunders, lightning's flash,

Proclaim how awful is thy power,
Who rul'st the terrors of that hour.

At daylight's close, when, soft and still,
The dew refreshes flower and tree,
And sweetly smiles the gold-tipt hill,
And man and beast from toil are free,
And in her covert sighs the dove ;
That scene of beauty speaks thy love.

The blue, eternal vault of night,
The thousand rolling worlds on high,
That awe, yet charm the wondering sight,
All emblem thy immensity.
Who can view nature, wild or fair,
Nor see thy glories mirrored there ?

T H E F A W N .

LAURETTA was a pretty child,
Her parents called her "Love,"
For she was innocent and mild,
And gentle as a dove.

Her father had a country seat,
A very pleasant spot,
Adorned with many an arbour green,
And many a cooling grot.

In summer's bright and sunny hours,
Her sire resided there,
His Love he always took with him,
To breathe the balmy air.

Lauretta was delighted much
With such a lovely home ;
Her parents never slighted her,
When she abroad would roam.



H. van der Pijl 1900

1900, 1901, 1902

1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904

1905

1906



She loved to run about the wood,
And play among the bowers,
And many a time she brought mamma
A bunch of wild wood flowers.

One morn of May, Love and mamma
Resolved to take a walk;
That day completed her sixth year;
Her birth-day was her talk.

And in her walk she saw some flowers
Of many a different hue;
While some were white, and some were red,
Others were simply blue.

"See," cried Laretta, "see, mamma,"
Those flow'rets fresh and fair,
I'll pick a bunch for you and pa,
From those full bushes there."

"You shall, my love," said her mamma,
"Obtain a bunch for me,
And one, too, for your dear papa,
And also one for thee."



" And there I saw these pretty flowers ;
I thought I 'd get a few,
And make a rose-wreath for myself,
And bring a bunch to you."

" Now, since I 've brought so large a bunch,
Accept it of your child ;
I 've Iris, and Forget-me-not,
And Jasmine gentle, mild."

Her father took the bunch she gave,
A smile rose in his eye,
She pointed to a violet
Of nature's richest dye.

Said he, " Love you remembered me,
I will not you forget, ⁴
But on your birth-day you shall have
Some pretty little pet."

" Papa," she said, " this is the day
That makes me six years old,
To day then let me have a pet
Such as you just have told."

"I, too, mamma, will make a wreath,"
The sweet Laretta said,
"And visit pa within the bower,
With it upon my head."

She made her, then, a wreath of flowers,
And gathered bunches three,
And hastened homeward with mamma,
With heart both light and free.

She found her sire within a bower,
There waiting for his child;
He saw, and thus accosted her,
In accents soft and mild,—

"Where have you been, Laretta, love?
Walking among the bowers?
How came that wreath upon your head,
And whence those lovely flowers?"

Laretta ran to her papa,
And thus to him replied,
"Mamma and I both walking were
Down by the greenwood's side;

She gave it every morn and noon,
And at the close of day,
Such food as fawns are used to take,
And often saw it play.

She carried milk, all sweet and new,
In a small milk-maid's pail;
To take this cheap, but simple fare,
Her fawn did never fail.

One morn she got some dainties nice,
And cakes both fine and rare,
She thought to please her little pet
With such delicious fare.

And then she put her bonnet on,
And hastened o'er the lawn,
To take some milk and dainty things
Unto her little fawn.

When first her little fawn she spied,
By the cool stream it stood,
And instantly to her it ran
To get its morning food.

Lauretta gave it first the milk
Which in the pail she brought,
And after that those dainty things,
So very good, she thought.

But of her cakes and dainty things
Her fawn would not partake,
And then the little maid began
Thus to expostulate :—

“ My lovely, little sportive fawn !
These cakes I brought for thee ;
Mamma, papa, and I them eat
At morn and with our tea.

“ I ’m sure that they are very good,
Take one, my pet, and try ;
Oh ! do not be so obstinate,
Nor turn from them thine eye.”

The fawn, moved by Lauretta’s talk,
Tasted the dainties rare,
And very soon the little maid
Had others to prepare.

Thus sweet Lauretta fed her fawn,
With it had many a play ;
But when to town again she came,
Her pet she gave away.

J. B. L.

June, 1841.

AMIA BLENESS.

Our tale tells chiefly of one singular youth, and of the events of his mirthful and somewhat mischievous life, from about the sixth to his sixteenth year. He was an orphan, having lost his parents within a few months of each other, and just before his sixth birth-day arrived. They were poor, but respectable, and he was their only child. Some kind relations took immediate care of him, and continued him in a school in Yorkshire, where his father had placed him a year before, on the agreement that he should be clothed, and fed, and taught, for eighteen pounds per annum. Although they had families to support with slender means, they might not only have been willing to continue this kind assistance to him, but also to place him apprentice at a proper age, if not make some future provision for his settlement in the business it might be proper to teach him.

This, however, was soon rendered unnecessary by

the unexpected attention he received from a family in the neighbourhood of the school, and their generous adoption of him as their own child. The incident that first occasioned them to notice him, was one of those trifling events which sometimes give a surprising turn to the fortunes of children, as well as grown persons, and might be described in the poet's words, as the —

"Tide in his affairs,
Which, taken at the flood, led on to fortune."

Little Gayly — the name that his father gave him in remembrance and respect of a beloved uncle — was fond of all the innocent amusements of boys in early life, and, among the rest, the *oyster grotto* was a very favourite object. He selected the best Whitby shells, cleaned them to the purest condition, and then arranged them with an art much superior to any thing that the common begging boys of the town had ever exercised. His object was ingenious amusement, and not charity or profit; and he built his grottoes not in the public street, but in the corner of a private meadow connected with the playground: yet the boys, jealous of his superior skill,

would often have demolished his work, and perhaps done him personal injury, if his schoolfellows had not made it known that they would at all hazards defend him.

“I’ll be revenged on my persecutors,” he said one day to the usher, who had hinted that he had better build no more grottoes, because they excited the rage of the town boys. The usher knew that revenge in Gayly’s lips meant nothing wrong, and therefore waited to see how he would accomplish his purpose. It was thus. He improved and illuminated his grotto, and advertised admission to it, on a certain evening, at a penny a-head, *for the benefit of all the poor boy’s grottoes in the town!* Not a hand nor a voice was now raised against him. His grotto was visited by more than a hundred persons, and the money, to a farthing, was afterwards divided among all the boys that had built grottoes in the town within the same week.

Among the company, a chief family in the neighbourhood was struck with the strange kindness of the youth, and went to see the humble exhibition. As little Gayly welcomed them to the scene, they were still more struck with his easy and humor

behaviour; and in addition to the trifling price of their entrance, half-a-crown was thrust into the pocket of his trousers, wrapped in a paper, inscribed — “for yourself.”

“I have no money about me,” said the youth, thinking, as the gentleman put his hand into the pocket, he was playfully searching to know how much he had taken. “I appointed a treasurer, that all might be fair, and the boys may have every half-penny that is taken.”

“Every thing but this, that I have *put* into your pocket, which you have not *taken*, but have had *thrust* upon you,” said the gentleman, “may go to the boys.” “Then you must pay my treasurer, too, for your admission,” said Gayly: “else the boys will be losers by your kindness to me.”

This was the point in the youth's behaviour that struck the family, and determined them to know something more of him. A day or two afterwards, therefore, a message arrived at the school, that Master and Miss Morin, by their Aunt Birdfall's permission, begged the master would allow the little boy, whose grotto they had visited the other evening, to spend the day with them at “the Elms.” The servant

waited with a pony, while Gayly was fitting out for the visit; and he rode through the town in triumph, just as the boys were coming out of school.

"Gayly for ever!" was shouted at every step, and such was the enthusiasm of the urchins in his favour, that they seemed to care nothing about their dinner; but attended him to the town's end, and would have done so to "the Elms," had he not promised them another ~~benefit~~, if they would peaceably go home. "If you had been in a carriage," they cried out, "we would have taken out the horses, and drawn you all the way, and we'll now see if we can't fetch you home in a proper manner."

When the youth arrived at Mrs. Birdfall's mansion, he felt at first too much confounded by the splendour of things around him, to behave with perfect ease, or to feel even comfortable in his own mind; but as he became encouraged by a most amiable and cheerful family, he gradually acquired self-possession, and soon felt himself at home; so much so, that he began to fear a return to school would be very unwelcome.

It is not often that boys so young, or that boys of any age, look beyond the present hour, and suffer

the enjoyments of that to be spoiled by any apprehension of the future; but there was a forethought about this youth not often cherished by persons of mature age and great experience. At the same time, he was an aspiring lad, ambitious of distinction beyond youths of much greater age; while his amiable temper never allowed him to take advantage of any opportunity of raising himself that would be likely to injure or even to mortify others.

The family that had now strangely begun to notice him, consisted of an elderly lady, her nephew, and two nieces, the children of a younger sister, who had married a superior officer in the army of India, and was now with her husband in that country. Mrs. Birdfall was a lady of the old school, retaining the fashion of dress fifty years ago, and withal fond of antique specimens of furniture, pictures, plate, and china. It was the description of Gayly's skill in building his exhibition grotto, that gained her consent to his being sent for to her house.

She was a very kind and affable woman to all who fell in with her whims and fancies; but she was given to sudden bursts of violent passion, especially when she was offended in matters relating to her

favourite antiquarian pursuits. Her nephew and nieces bore with her peculiarities, conscious of their dependence upon her, and in patient expectation of her large fortune, at last, to reward them. At the same time, they were rendered upon the whole comfortable under her roof, and often made happy by her bursts of generosity, which were, to say the least, quite as frequent as any symptoms of unkind and unruly temper.

The behaviour of the youth during dinner, and while the dessert was upon the table, remarkably pleased her. He was careful to take nothing but what was proper, and to avoid all appearance of greediness and excess, while the choicest dainties were before him. In fact, he became such a favourite in a few hours, that the old lady determined, contrary to her usual custom, to take her coffee in the parlour rather than in her own room. During this meal the youth became depressed, even to shedding tears. He had felt himself so warmly delighted with all that he had heard, and seen, and tasted, that he could not endure the thought of the hour when he must return to school.

"My dear boy," said Miss Morin, "what is the

matter? You begin to discredit your name, and to change your nature! you are no longer little Gayly, but little gloomy! you seem to think you are standing to beg for the support of an oyster grotto, instead of sitting to coffee in the parlour of Aunt Birdfall!"

The youth then fairly burst into tears, and was about to leave the room; when Mrs. Birdfall stopped him, and insisted upon knowing why he was tired of being with them, adding, that if he wished, he should be taken back to school immediately. This completed his sorrow, and, when his sobs would allow, he said — "Oh, no! let me have one more hour in this happy place; it is because I must leave it that I am unhappy." He repeated, with a strong emphasis on the turning word, "It is *because* I must leave that I am so unhappy."

Mrs. Birdfall was given to the most sudden purposes in every matter in which her feelings were interested. It was a momentary impulse in favour of her nieces and nephew that had determined her to admit them to dwell with her, and to settle her fortune upon them; and now, under the influence of

a emotion in favour of little Gayly, equally strong, he said to him, — “ You shall not leave us ! ”

“ But I must leave you, lady,” said the youth, looking at her with calm astonishment. Then, repeating this assurance, as he had done the former, more emphatically, he said, — “ I *must* leave you, though I am very sorry for it.”

“ Why *must* you leave us, little boy ? ” asked Mrs. Birdfall, imitating his solemn and emphatic manner, in his own mild tone of voice. “ Suppose *I* say you must *not*, who is then to decide between us ? ”

“ My master, lady,” said the youth ; “ I don’t know any body else ; I have no father nor mother, no brother nor sister.”

This was uttered with such tenderness of grief, and such a piteous look of hope upon his new friends, that the old lady instantly exclaimed, — “ Then I will be your mother ! ” — “ And I will be your brother,” said Mr. Morin. “ And we will be your sisters,” said the young ladies.

Upon hearing these assurances, the youth stood silent and motionless for some minutes, not knowing whether to believe or doubt them. But all fear c

trifling with his feelings was prevented, by Mrs. Birdfall calling the servant that fetched him from school, and commanding him to go and request the master to allow him to remain at "the Elms" a night or two. The servant left the house; but in a few minutes returned, and told his mistress that above a dozen boys were at the gate, with a chair fixed on poles, and several flags, intending to carry Master Gayly home upon their shoulders in grand procession.

At first Mrs. Birdfall thought of allowing the youth to be taken to the school, and brought back again to her house, in this manner, but this purpose was soon given up, because it would keep him out too late, and was not likely to be pleasant to him, however it might be so to the boys. She therefore ordered some cakes and money to be given to them for their trouble; and then sent, by the eldest of them, a note to the master, containing the message she had given to her servant.

The next morning a circumstance occurred that at first threatened to embroil him with his new patroness, but at length tended to confirm her attachment to him; while it also won for him the

warmer attachment of her young relations, and prevented any little jealousy they might have begun to feel at a strange child being so suddenly added to the family.

Before Mrs. Birdfall came down to breakfast, her young niece went into the music-room, to sit down to her morning exercise at the piano ; but, on passing a large china jar that stood near the door, she touched it with her elbow, threw it from the marble slab to the carpet, and broke it into three or four pieces. Little Gayly had followed more slowly, and entered the room just as the mischief was done. In a minute, Mrs. Birdfall, who heard the crash, came down stairs, and saw the jar broken on the floor, and her little terrified niece hiding her face on the back of one of the chairs.

The rage of the old lady was greater than usual : she rushed towards the weeping offender as though she would reduce her to the condition of the jar ; but the youth instantly placed himself between them ; and while he held one hand as though he would defend his new sister from punishment, he lifted up the other as if imploring mercy, or defending himself. The storm now seemed ready to burst upon

the head of the interceding youth, and, in the whirlwind of her passion, Mrs. Birdfall did not seem careful or capable of distinguishing between the innocent and the guilty.

"Suppose I did it, lady," he said ; "then let me be punished. Stop here a moment, and know who did it, before you do any thing to dear Minette ; and if she did it, let me be punished for her. Perhaps I made her go into the room too fast, and then it was I that broke the jar !"

But these sentences did not calm the fury of Mrs. Birdfall. And then the youth said in a louder, but ^{an} equally affectionate tone of voice, — "Lady, lady, don't be distressed ; I'll mend the jar — my master knows what to give me, and will tell me how to fasten the pieces together. Let us see you well again."

At this Mrs. Birdfall became a little cooled — and perhaps a little ashamed, that she should thus lay herself open to the reproof of a child. At last Minette, encouraged by the success of Gayly's intercession, sunk from the chair on her knees before her aunt, and implored her to let him try and mend the jar. Then, taking it up, she said — "Oh, aunt ! it is the

warmer attachment of her young relations, and prevented any little jealousy they might have begun to feel at a strange child being so suddenly added to the family.

Before Mrs. Birdfall came down to breakfast, her young niece went into the music-room, to sit down to her morning exercise at the piano ; but, on passing a large china jar that stood near the door, she touched it with her elbow, threw it from the marble slab to the carpet, and broke it into three or four pieces. Little Gayly had followed more slowly, and entered the room just as the mischief was done. In a minute, Mrs. Birdfall, who heard the crash, came down stairs, and saw the jar broken on the floor, and her little terrified niece hiding her face on the back of one of the chairs.

The rage of the old lady was greater than usual : she rushed towards the weeping offender as though she would reduce her to the condition of the jar ; but the youth instantly placed himself between them ; and while he held one hand as though he would defend his new sister from punishment, he lifted up the other as if imploring mercy, or defending himself. The storm now seemed ready to burst upon

Morin had heard his younger sister repeat her morning lessons, he looked at the youth, and asked if he had a lesson ready? "No, Sir," said Gayly, "I could not learn any this morning; but, if you please, I can tell you something of the *people* you speak about so much." Without inquiring what people the child alluded to, he was told to go on.

Standing erect in one of his best postures, and giving the sweetest expression to his amiable features, he said — "There are two sorts of them: the first sort are some of the subjects of the Great Mogul, who never kill any animals, nor eat their flesh when any body else kills them, because they think that the souls of men and women when they die, go into the animals' bodies. They are a very clean people, too, because they wash themselves much oftener than others in that country. If they touch other people, or are touched by them, they directly wash themselves, because they think they have been defiled."

The family smiled at the artless simplicity of the youth, and Mr. Morin, at least, soon saw his mistake;

mended one, and is broken only where it was mended before; the pieces can easily be put together again in a better manner."

This was sufficient: the servant had displaced the two jars; and Mrs. Birdfall was still further attached to the youth, now she found that he understood the art of cementing broken china. A man was despatched for the cement, and soon after breakfast the jar was in its proper place, quite as whole and handsome as before.

In the garden of "the Elms" was a tree, exceedingly like the famous Banian-tree of India, except that its falling branches trailed on the grass, instead of rooting themselves in the ground. An ancestor of Mr. Birdfall planted it nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and it now formed an object of great beauty to the rural part of the estate. It had always gone by the name of *the Banian*, without the addition of *tree*; which, in conversation with strangers, had given rise to many laughable mistakes.

One of these mistakes occurred this morning. Gayly knew nothing of the tree, and was ignorant *that any tree existed bearing the name*. After Mr.

he added. "I mean," said Mrs. Birdfall, "that you shall be a shuddery in your occupation, as you will undoubtedly be in your temper and behaviour; but you cannot be one in your nature, because a native English boy can never become a banian of India."

Every hour increased the attachment of the family to this amiable youth. Mrs. Birdfall very soon obtained the consent of his relation to allow her to adopt him, and send him at a proper age to India. She then fully compensated the master for the loss of him as a scholar, by recommending two or three in his stead. At first, Mr. Morin, who was perfectly at leisure, and fond of tuition, took him under his care. He found no difficulty in this task. Without any striking genius, or any remarkable strength of mind, the youth had as great an aptness to learn, as his kind instructor had to teach. Books of every kind were also at hand; and books far more adapted for an inquiring youth, than the generality of those used in schools. Maps, and portraits, and views of various kinds, also abounded at "the Elms," and rendered the new tasks which Gayly had before him perfect pleasures and idols.

As soon as the winter was over, and whenever the

but they requested him to tell them about the other sort of people he alluded to.

"Let me remember," he said: "they are the *shudderys* of India — I mean the people that buy and sell; and they call them a *caste*, a different caste from the Bramins, and the soldiers, and the working people. I love the *shudderys* better than the other *castes*, as they call them, because their name signifies innocent and harmless, and I find they *are* so, as well as are called so: if I lived in India, I would be a *shuddery*."

The family now laughed outright, and Mr. Morin asked the youth when he had ever heard them talk about a *shuddery*?" — "Oh no," answered the child, "you did not say a shuddery; but you often speak of a *banian*, and that you know is all the same." Every one now recollected speaking sometimes of the *tree* under that name, which the simple-hearted yet observing youth understood to be the *people*.

"You shall go to India, and be a shuddery, when you are sufficiently grown and taught," said Mrs. Birdfall. "Shall I?" asked the youth, with eagerness; "how glad I am to hear you say that, lady!"

that the neighbourhood could furnish. Next he drew and coloured the plan of a novel grotto, and, placing it before Gayly, he asked him whether he thought, if he had the proper materials, he could build such a place at the farther end of the enclosed walk? The youth shed tears of joy at the question, and instantly said — “Oh, Sir! when you kindly took me from school, I told the boys to divide all my shells between them — it was all I had to give them to keep for my sake. I had collected so many, and such nice ones, that now I begin to be sorry: they would be safer stuck in your new grotto; yet I cannot ask for them again.”

“But I can,” said Mr. Morin, “and you shall have them all back: I will buy them of the boys, and money will please them better than shells.”

“But books, Sir, will do them more good than money,” said Gayly, “and you have so many, that you could easily spare some.” The hint was taken, and the boys were amply repaid for the shells, which they had carefully preserved, by the present to each of a very handsome new book.

The grotto was now begun, and made such rapid progress, that by Midsummer Day, Mrs. Birdfall's

weather allowed, the youth begged permission to read and study under the shade of the beautiful banian ; to which, he would have it, he was so much indebted for all his India prospects and hopes. “My good patroness,” he would often say, “would have done well for me, I am sure, if I had never spoken of the *shudderys* ; but now I am to go among them, and, as far as I can, I am to be one of them ; and all this is owing to the tree. The great Mr. Birdfall, when he brought that tree from India so long ago, little thought that it would be the means of taking me to that country. I think he must have belonged to the *shudderys*. What a fine English representation is that tree of those harmless India people !”

In the course of the following summer, Mr. Morin contrived that Gayly should gratify his aunt yet further by the erection of a structure in which she would much delight, and that would bring into action the talent that first brought the youth under their notice. To accomplish this purpose, he first obtained permission of his aunt to close up one of the principal walks, for the sake of a necessary improvement at the farther end. He then ordered a sufficient quantity of all the varieties of stones, and shells, and moss,

down the grove, Mrs. Birdfall said, "Well, I am glad you have opened this walk again; but I don't see what improvement you have made at the farther end."

"You are not near enough yet, dear aunt," said Miss Morin. They drew nearer, and nearer still; when, at a sign from Mr. Morin, Gayly in a moment drew back his bush curtain, and the grotto appeared before the astonished lady in all its novel beauty, with a sumptuous breakfast spread on the rustic table in the centre, and one of the favourite jars, filled with the most fragrant flowers, at either end.

After Mrs. Birdfall had recovered herself from almost overpowering surprise, she was led by her nephew and elder niece to the central seat; and, when she had sat down, she asked, "Where are the servants?"

"Here is the only servant who must be suffered to wait upon you, Madam, this morning," said Gayly, placing himself in one of his finest attitudes in front of the table. Let the builder of the grotto have the honour of attending you alone on this day, at least on this morning; and allow his first service to be presenting you with this copy of the inscription intended

to be placed over the entrance; but, your birthday coming ~~so soon~~ — much too soon every year — we had not time to get it engraved and fixed.”

“The best speech for a waiter I have heard these sixty-six years,” said Mrs. Birdfall; “and, to prove my sense of its goodness, it shall produce its effect — that is, the *builder* of this sweet place shall be allowed to wait on me; but my *adopted son* must certainly breakfast with me.”

“I can do both, Madam,” said Gayly, “by your kind permission.” The fact was, little waiting was necessary: every thing was prepared in the most perfect manner, and such a breakfast, the old lady declared, she had never enjoyed before. “The only apprehension I feel,” she said, “is about those jars.” — “They are safe, Madam,” said Gayly; “I have firmly cemented them to the table.”

Some surprise may be felt that Gayly was not viewed by the Morins with jealousy rather than affection. One cause was, the assurance that Mrs. Birdfall had given them, that the entire expense of his education and settlement in life should be provided for without diminishing their fortunes at her death; and another was, the welcome change he

had been the means of producing in her temper. Never, since the affair of the broken jar, had they been pained by any remarkable violence of expression or action. The former prevented all jealousy on account of *her* attachment to the youth ; and the latter rendered him an object of attraction and attachment to *them*.

When the time arrived for his departure to school Mr. Morin took charge of him to London, and then to Hertford : there he saw him comfortably settled among the junior scholars of that excellent establishment. His improvement was quite equal to general expectation. About two years ago, he arrived at Madras, where he bids fair to rise to eminence and fortune. Under the disguise of a name purposely feigned, no doubt many of our readers will recognize the original of this picture.

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Engraved by G.

1800

THE PRISONED FAIRY.

WHAT is it ? what is it ! so soft and clear
It rises upon her listening ear,
Now pealing forth in a louder strain,
Now murmuring, dying away again !
What is it ? what is it ? it seems to thrill
Through her heart, and its beating pulse grows still :
And she scarcely breathes, lest that breath should be
A check to the ravishing melody.
Well might she fancy some fairy sprite,
With her laughing eye and her locks of light,
And a tiny lute, while she draws from it
Those tones of music so exquisite ;
Well might she fancy, this elf was hid
Beneath that curious old box-lid,
For she could not deem that the harmony
The product of human art could be.
Sure none but a fairy hand could bring
The silvery notes that round her ring.



PAUL T. M. W.

FIELD FOUNDATIONS

But hark ! t'is a fainter, softer strain,
And she listens still, but she lists in vain :
A saddened look steals o'er her brow,
For her musical box is silent now !

M. H. R.

THE DANCE.

If ever there was a charming child,
 'T was little Emily Tree ;
She looked so sweet whene'er she smiled,
 And was so full of glee.
Her grandpapa was a fine old man ;
 I yet remember him well :
He used to sing me many a song,
 And many a story tell.
And he had many a pleasant whim,
 To please the children small ;
He 'd nurse a doll for a little girl,
 With boys he 'd play at ball.
And every mark of anxious care
 Was driven from his brow ;
There cheerfulness maintained her throne,
 He cared not why nor how.
The nail I 've never as yet forgot,
 Whereon his fiddle hung ;
I 've often seen him join in the dance,
 While he both played and sung.

His fiddle Emily once took down,
And tried a tune to play ;
When that she found she could not do,
She put it safe away.
And when her grandpapa came in,
She cast at it a glance ;
Then said he, "Emily ! do you wish
To have a little dance ?"
The lovely Emily thus replied,
"My grandpapa I do."
He showed her then her steps to take,
And danced a hornpipe through.
And Emily tried to follow him ;
She did it too quite well,
Nor made a trip, nor a mis-step,
Nor fault for me to tell.
He told her then of other things,
Cotillion, waltz, and reel,
And tried the art of dancing all,
To Emily to reveal.
Said Emily to her grandpapa,
"I love to see you dance ;
You cast at me such pleasant looks,
And many a merry glance.

The silver buckles on your shoes,
Like sparkling diamonds shine,
Sure silver could not brighter be,
Just taken from the mine.
And when you 're dancing, grandpapa,
They 're like the twinkling stars,
They gleam like the ocean's waves in the sun,
And nought their brightness mars.
When you dance and play on your violin,
I feel like dancing too ;
Hereafter, grandsire, when you dance
I 'll always dance with you."

J. B. L.

June, 1841.

TO AN INFANT.

AH, cease thy tears and sobs, my little life !
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife :
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry !
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of wo,
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know !
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire :
Alike the good, the ill offend thy sight,
And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright !
Untaught, yet wise ! 'mid all thy brief alarms
Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms,
Nestling thy little face in that fond breast,
Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest.
Man's breathing miniature ! thou mak'st me sigh —
A babe art thou — and such a thing am I !
To anger rapid, and as soon appeas'd,
For trifles mourning, and by trifles pleas'd,

Break friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on pleasure's alt
glow !

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
The future séraph in my mortal frame,
Thrice holy faith ! whatever thorns I meet,
As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,
Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
Meek nurse of souls thro' their long infancy !

S. T. C

THE STORY BOOK :

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

COME hither, my boy, and sit by my knee,
And I'll read thee a tale of the olden time —
A tale of the wild and wandering bee,
Who went to listen the harebell's chime.

It was in the flowery month of June,
When all was laughing in earth and sky,
And the mountain rivulets sang a tune
Of freedom and love as they bounded by —

When the daisy lifted its modest head
In the lonely path of the wilderness,
And the buttercups over the fields were spread,
Like an army of flowers in fairy dress

It was in this beautiful month of bloom,
Two bees went forth in the morning air,
To rove mid a garden's rich perfume,
And sip the sweets that were lavished there.

The one went on from flower to flower,
And gently drank the nectared dew —
From the wild-rose path to the woodbine bower,
The haunt of each fragrant leaf he knew.

He stopped to peep in the lily's bell,
And hummed a tune in the violet's ear —
And his kiss so soft on the lilac fell,
That she scarcely moved her head for fear.

But he roved along in gentle mood,
Just dallied a moment, and then away,
Nor revelled in sweets till his sober blood
To the flames of excess had become a prey.

The other, a proud and thoughtless elf,
Drank deep wherever he found the dew ;
With a fool's delight he pleased himself,
Nor dreamed how much he might after rue.

He rambled about from flower to flower,
And searched for the strongest and deepest perfume,
And wasted many an idle hour
Mid the garden's vilest and rankest bloom,

Till at length he came where a honied jar
With open mouth invited him in ;
He saw the luscious delight afar,
And eagerly flew to the tempting sin.

The evening came with its balmy breeze,
And its silent hour of deep repose,
And there sounded a voice thro' the motionless trees
That every winged creature knows —

A voice that comes like a gentle moan,
Of the land of shadows and sleep to tell —
And the sober bee, at that whispered tone,
Flew back in peace to his dainty cell.

But his careless friend heard not the call
That came from the land of shades afar,
For he lay a ruined, self-martyred thrall,
O'erwhelmed in the sweets of the honied jar.

The story is done — but remember, child,

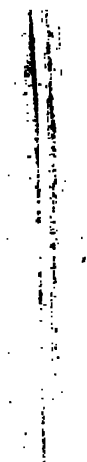
The wholesome truth which the tale would
Nor be by pleasure's delights beguiled
From virtue's safer and calmer way.

THE END.

PHILADELPHIA:
HASWELL, BARRINGTON, AND HASWELL,
PRINTERS.

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10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 1039-1044.

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